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REVIEWS

Fragments of Voyages and Travels. By Capt. Basil Hall, R.N. 2nd Series. 3 vols. Edinburgh, 1832. Cadell.

A year ago we gave our hearty commendation to the first series of this work; and now, the second calls upon us for a repetition of the same favourable opinion. The present, like its predecessor, is said to be addressed to "young people"; but this is all fudge. There is not a sailor in the navy too old to be both improved and amused by its admirable pages. There is not another bit of fudge, however, in the whole book; which is as true as nature itself, and pervaded by a healthy philosophy, worth all that ever was taught in the schools.

The work is by no means of the miscellaneous character, which its title would seem to indicate. It first treats of the shore, of "taking a line in the service," and of every sort of matter prefatory to the professional voyage of life. Then comes the sea itself; not one of the stormy mill-ponds of the novelists—but the rough, salt, sparkling ocean, that rolls between continent and continent, and is peopled with dolphins, sharks, and sailors. Then the ship, with its manners Smollettized to the life—only omitting a little of the coarseness—and its duties, hardships, amusements, religion, pigs, monkeys, and midshipmen. Then, finally, an actual landing in India, and an account of Bombay, famines, plagues, natches, alligators, and the Cave of Elephanta.

But there is not only method in the whole, but in each individual part; and we have no hesitation in saying, that, in particular, the account of life at sea, is at once the most complete and the most interesting in the language. Our extracts, however, must be chosen with reference to many things which the gentle reader never dreams of; and indeed we can tell him (in a parenthesis) that this art of extracting (which he, good soul, imagines to consist in the manipulation of dipping the folder for a kind of *Sortes Hall-anae*), is one of the most difficult imaginable, and only to be performed worthily by a master in our art! We shall begin with a calm, to avoid terrifying the ladies.

"Meanwhile, our convoy of huge China ships, rolling very slowly on the top of the long, smooth, and scarcely perceptible ridges, or sinking as gently between their summits, were scattered in all directions, with their heads in different ways, some looking homeward again, and some, as if by instinct, keeping still for the south. How it happens I do not know, but on occasions of perfect calm, or such as appear to be perfectly calm, the ships of a fleet generally drift away from one another; so that, at the end of a few hours, the whole circle bounded by the horizon is speckled over with these unmanageable hulks, as they may for the time be

considered. It will occasionally happen, indeed, that two ships draw so near in a calm as to incur some risk of falling on board one another. I need scarcely mention, that, even in the smoothest water ever found in the open sea, two large ships coming into actual contact must prove a formidable encounter. As long as they are apart, their gentle and rather graceful movements are fit subjects of admiration; and I have often seen people gazing, for an hour at a time, at the ships of a becalmed fleet, slowly twisting round, changing their position, and rolling from side to side, as silently as if they had been in harbour, or accompanied only by the faint, rippling sound tripping along the water line, as the copper below the bends alternately sunk into the sea, or rose out of it, dripping wet, and shining as bright and clean as a new coin, from the constant friction of the ocean during the previous rapid passage across the Trade-winds.

"But all this picturesque admiration changes to alarm when ships come so close as to risk a contact; for these motions, which appear so slow and gentle to the eye, are irresistible in their force; and as the chances are against the two vessels moving exactly in the same direction at the same moment, they must speedily grind or tear one another to pieces. Supposing them to come in contact side by side, the first roll would probably tear away the fore and main channels of both ships; the next roll, by interlacing the lower yards, and entangling the spars of one ship with the shrouds and backstays of the other, would in all likelihood bring down all three masts of both ships, not piecemeal, as the poet hath it, but in one furious crash. Beneath the ruins of the spars, the coils of rigging, and the enormous folds of canvas, might lie crushed many of the best hands, who, from being always the foremost to spring forward in such seasons of danger, are sure to be sacrificed. After this first catastrophe, the ships would probably drift away from one another for a little while, only to tumble together again and again, till they had ground one another to the water's edge, and one or both of them would fill and go down. In such encounters it is impossible to stop the mischief, and oak and iron break and crumble in pieces, like sealing-wax and piecrust." i. 224—7.

We shall now quote what may come under the head of "aquatic sports," as it relates to the amusements of a dolphin in chase of flying fish.

"Shortly after observing the cluster of flying fish rise out of the water, we discovered two or three dolphins ranging past the ship, in all their beauty, and watched with some anxiety to see one of those aquatic chases of which our friends the Indianmen had been telling us such wonderful stories. We had not long to wait, for the ship, in her progress through the water, soon put up another shoal of these little things, which, as the others had done, took their flight directly to windward. A large dolphin, which had been keeping company with us abreast of the weather gangway at the depth of two or three fathoms, and, as usual, glistening most beautifully in the sun, no sooner detected our

poor dear little friends take wing, than he turned his head towards them, and, darting to the surface, leaped from the water with a velocity little short, as it seemed, of a cannon ball. But although the impetus with which he shot himself into the air gave him an initial velocity greatly exceeding that of the flying fish, the start which his fated prey had got enabled them to keep ahead of him for a considerable time.

"The length of the dolphin's first spring could not be less than ten yards; and after he fell we could see him gliding like lightning through the water for a moment, when he again rose and shot forwards with considerably greater velocity than at first, and, of course, to a still greater distance. In this manner the merciless pursuer seemed to stride along the sea with fearful rapidity, while his brilliant coat sparkled and flashed in the sun quite splendidly. As he fell headlong on the water at the end of each huge leap, a series of circles were sent far over the still surface, which lay as smooth as a mirror; for the breeze, although enough to set the royals and top-gallant studding sails asleep, was hardly as yet felt below.

"The group of wretched flying fish, thus hotly pursued, at length dropped into the sea; but we were rejoiced to observe that they merely touched the top of the swell, and scarcely sunk in it, at least they instantly set off again in a fresh and even more vigorous flight. • • •

"The greedy dolphin, however, was fully as quick-sighted as the flying fish which were trying to elude him; for whenever they varied their flight in the smallest degree, he lost not the tenth part of a second in shaping a new course, so as to cut off the chase, while they, in a manner really not unlike that of the hare, doubled more than once upon their pursuer. But it was soon too plainly to be seen that the strength and confidence of the flying fish were fast ebbing. Their flights became shorter and shorter, and their course more fluttering and uncertain, while the enormous leaps of the dolphin appeared to grow only more vigorous at each bound. Eventually, indeed, we could see, or fancied we could see, that this skilful sportsman arranged all his springs with such an assurance of success, that he contrived to fall, at the end of each, just under the very spot on which the exhausted flying fish were about to drop! Sometimes this catastrophe took place at too great a distance for us to see from the deck exactly what happened; but on our mounting high into the rigging, we may be said to have been in at the death; for then we could discover that the unfortunate little creatures, one after another, either popped right into the dolphin's jaws as they lighted on the water, or were snapped up instantly afterwards." i. 243-6.

We shall now exhibit a shark attacked by sailors:—

"A shark, like a midshipman, is generally very hungry; but in the rare cases when he is not in good appetite, he sails slowly up to the bait, smells to it, and gives it a poke with his shovel-nose, turning it over and over. He then edges off to the right or left, as if he apprehended mischief, but soon returns again, to enjoy the delicious haut goût, as the sailors term the fla-

vour of the damaged pork, of which a piece is always selected, if it can be found.

"While this coquetry, or shyness, is exhibited by John Shark, the whole afterpart of the ship is so clustered with heads, that not an inch of spare room is to be had for love nor money. The rigging, the mizen-top, and even the gaff, out to the very peak; the hammock-nettings and the quarters, almost down to the counter, are stuck over with breathless spectators, speaking in whispers, if they venture to speak at all, or can find leisure for any thing but fixing their gaze on the monster, who as yet is free to roam the ocean, but who, they trust, will soon be in their power. . . . The first symptom of an enemy's flag coming down in the fight was never hailed with greater joy than is felt by a ship's crew on the shark turning round to seize the bait. The preparatory symptoms of this intention are so well known to every one on board, that, the instant they begin to appear, a greedy whisper of delight passes from mouth to mouth amongst the assembled multitude; every eye is lighted up, and such as have not bronzed their cheeks by too long exposure to sun and wind to betray any change of colour, may be seen to alter their hue from pale to red, and back to pale again, like the tints on the sides of the dying dolphin. . . . Even if he does not turn completely round, he is forced to slue himself, as it is called, so far as to show some portion of his white belly. The instant the white skin flashes on the sight of the expectant crew, a subdued cry, or murmur of satisfaction, is heard amongst the crowd: but no one speaks, for fear of alarming the shark.

"Sometimes, at the very instant the bait is cast over the stern, the shark flies at it with such eagerness, that he actually springs partially out of the water. This, however, is rare. On these occasions he gorges the bait, the hook, and a foot or two of the chain, without any mastication or delay, and darts off with his treacherous prize with such prodigious velocity and force, that it makes the rope crack again as soon as the whole coil is drawn out. . . .

"The suddenness of the jerk with which the poor devil is brought up, when he has reached the length of his tether, often turns him quite over on the surface of the water. Then commence the loud cheers, taunts, and other sounds of rage and triumph, so long suppressed. A steady pull is insufficient to carry away the line, but it sometimes happens that the violent struggles of the shark, when too speedily drawn up, snaps either the rope or the hook, and so he gets off, to digest the remainder as he best can. It is, accordingly, held the best practice to play him a little, with his mouth at the surface, till he becomes somewhat exhausted. During this operation, one could almost fancy the enraged animal is conscious of the abuse which is flung down upon him; for, as he turns and twists and flings himself about, his eye glares upwards with a ferocity of purpose which makes the blood tingle in a swimmer's veins, as he thinks of the hour when it may be his turn to write under the tender mercies of his sworn foe!" i. 268—274.

It will, after this, be only proper retribution to fling Jack overboard himself into the dominions of his foe; but we shall choose for the purpose, one of those tiny specimens of the profession called ship-boys.

"Half-a-dozen of the ship's boys, youngsters sent on board by that admirable and most patriotic of naval institutions the Marine Society, were floundering about in the sail, and sometimes even venturing beyond the leech rope. One of the least of these urchins, but not the least courageous of their number, when taunted by his more skilful companions with being afraid, struck out boldly beyond the prescribed bounds. He had not gone much further than

his own length, however, along the surface of the fathomless sea, when his heart failed him, poor little man! and along with his confidence away also went his power of keeping his head above water. So down he sank rapidly, to the speechless horror of the other boys, who, of course, could lend the drowning child no help.

"The captain of the fore-castle, a tall, fine-looking, hard-a-weather fellow, was standing on the shank of the sheet anchor with his arms across, and his well-varnished canvas hat drawn so much over his eyes that it was difficult to tell whether he was awake, or merely dozing in the sun, as he leaned his back against the fore-topmast backstay. The seaman, however, had been attentively watching the young party all the time, and rather fearing that mischief might ensue from their rashness, he had grunted out a warning to them from time to time, to which they paid no sort of attention. At last he desisted, saying they might drown themselves if they had a mind, for never a bit would he help them; but no sooner did the sinking figure of the adventurous little boy catch his eye, than, diver-fashion, he joined the palms of his hands over his head, inverted his position in one instant, and urging himself into swifter motion by a smart push with his feet against the anchor, shot head foremost in the water. The poor lad sank so rapidly that he was at least a couple of fathoms under the surface before he was arrested by the grip of the sailor, who soon rose again, bearing the bewildered boy in his hand, and calling to the other youngsters to take better care of their companion, chucked him right into the belly of the sail in the midst of the party. The fore-sheet was hanging in the calm, nearly into the water, and by it the dripping seaman scrambled up again to his old birth on the anchor, shook himself like a great Newfoundland dog, and then, jumping on the deck, proceeded across the fore-castle to shift himself."

Another overboard story, but of a different kind:—

"In a frigate, commanded by a well-known Tartar, as the martinet of the service are generally denominated, one of the crew, I forget from what cause, took it in his head to jump overboard, for the purpose of drowning himself. When he began to sink, he discovered that a salt-water death was not quite so agreeable as he had reckoned upon; so he sung out lustily for a rope. The ship being brought to the wind, the man was picked up, with some difficulty. The matter was investigated instantly; and as soon as it appeared that he had gone overboard intentionally, the hands were turned up, the gangway rigged, and the offender seized up. 'Now,' said the captain, 'I shall punish you under the sixteenth article of war, which is as follows:—'Every person in or belonging to the fleet, who shall desert, shall suffer death, or such other punishment as the circumstances of the case shall deserve.' And then, turning to the boatswain, he said, 'You will punish this man for desertion, or, which is exactly the same thing, for going out of the ship without leave.'

"'Now, sir,' resumed the captain to the trembling culprit, 'if you have any longer a desire to go overboard, you have only to ask the first lieutenant's leave. He has my instructions to grant you permission; while I shall take very good care that you are not again picked up.'"

The second volume is more interesting than the first, to read throughout, but it is less extractable—the pictures filling a larger canvas, and being more closely grouped. We must endeavour, however, to pick out a few traits in the life and conversations of a monkey—taking the opportunity of complimenting Captain Hall on his partiality for

that class of beings, in which we ourselves cordially join him.

"It was in warm weather, and the men, as usual, were dining on the main deck; the grog had been served out, and the happy Johnnies were just beginning to sip their darling beverage, when Mr. Mischief, incessantly occupied in his vocation of doing wrong, and utterly incapable of resisting any good opening to get himself into a scrape, saw the grog-kid of the captain of the top's mess standing by the fore-hatchway. So he paced round, as if seeking for a bit of bread, but all the while keeping his face turned just so far from the fated grog-vessel, that no one suspected his design. On reaching the spot his heart began to fail him, but not his wickedness; indeed, his was the very beau ideal of that character described in the satire of Junius, which, 'without courage enough to resist doing a bad action, has yet virtue enough to be ashamed of it.' Whether or not these mixed motives influenced old Jacko, I cannot pretend to say; but there he sat, chattering, screaming, and trembling, as if the sergeant's cane had been within an inch of his hide.

"'What ails you, my dear Mr. Saint James?' said the captain of the top, playfully addressing the monkey. 'What are you afraid of? Nobody is going to hurt you; we are all sailors and friends here, man. Not a royal marine is within hail of you!'

"At this stage of the colloquy the sly rogue having mustered all his energies, fairly grasped the grog-kid in his arms, and making a clean spring from the deck, placed himself, at the first bound, beyond the reach of the horror-stricken seaman. This exploit was not so adroitly performed as it might have been if Jacko had been less agitated, and one half of the delicious nectar in the sailor's cup was jerked out.

"'You bloody thundering rascal of a monkey,' bellowed the astounded topman: 'let go the kid, or I'll shy this knife at your head!'

"The threat was no sooner uttered than executed, for the sailor, without waiting to see the effect of his summons, threw the knife; and had not his saintship ducked his head, there would have been an end of monkey tricks for that cruise. As the glittering steel passed before the wicked scamp's eyes, the flash deprived him of all recollection of the mischief in hand; with a loud yell, he leaped on the booms, and in his terror let the prize slip from his grasp. It fell on the coaming of the hatchway, hung for one instant, and then dashed right down into the fore cockpit, to the infinite astonishment of the boatswain's yeoman, a thirsty soul, and familiar with drink in all its shapes, but who declared he never before had tried grog in a shower-bath.

"Up started the enraged party of seamen on their feet. 'All hands catch monkey!' was the cry; and in ten seconds the whole crew, including the cook with his ladle, and his mate with the tormentors in his hand, were seen scrambling on deck. Jacko scampered like lightning up the mainstay, and reached the top before any of the men, who had mounted the rigging, were half a dozen ratlines above the hammocks. The officers rushed to the quarter-deck, naturally fancying from the bustling sounds that a man was overboard." ii. 125—8.

The third volume, from the slight glance we have had time to give it, appears to be the best of all; and if we can find room, therefore, it is very possible that we may return to the work.

Domestic Manners of the Americans. By Mrs. Trollope. 2 vols. 8vo. Whittaker, Treacher & Co.

Mrs. Trollope has a quick eye and a clever hand; she excels in sprightly gossip, sarcastic remarks, and in delineations of domestic life, and must stand at the head of all those who have described the manners and recorded the doings of the great western community of republicans. Here, however, our praise must stop: she sees right, but she reasons wrong; she is full of prejudice. She drew with some skill the outline of the American character, but, like an engraver, she bit it in with aquafortis. She is an Englishwoman, and insists on weighing everything American in an English balance: she sailed to the great western continent, to use an American phrase, because she was one of those fastidious people, who would find little perfect or pleasing at home; your transatlantic republican, she imagined, was, if not an Apollo in shape, at least a god in sentiment, and away she went to worship and establish her household deities. She supposed herself a whig; whiggery she reckoned superior to toryism, and republicanism superior to whiggery,—and, reasoning on this ascending scale of excellence, she looked for nothing short of perfection, in a land which had no debt, paid no taxes, where nothing but talent had a title, and where all men did what was right in their own eyes, and all ladies honoured human freedom so much, that servitude was next to unknown. She believed that the members of Congress were a better sort of Catos; that common tavern-keepers were as polished and polite as English masters of the ceremonies, and that the divine blessing of liberty had inspired the rudest part of the population with such a sense of courtesy and gentleness, as would cast the rude boors of Britain into the shade. Nothing happened as she expected. As the people looked not at all like her fancy picture, she concluded that American society was wholly wrong; that republicanism was a national nuisance; and that freedom, since it served to sweeten labour and soothe servitude, was a great evil. In short, she liked nothing that she saw in America, save the country itself: the land, with her, is a second Eden; but the people, whom Providence permits to keep and dress it, are, in her opinion, rude, contumacious, and unjust, and fear neither God nor man.

For many of Mrs. Trollope's sorrows, we can have but little sympathy. The want of the arts and the graces, which embellish life, are set down as the source of all her woe: the afflictions which prey sorest upon her, are six in number—viz. servant girls persist in calling themselves helps; 2, Men smoke and spit; 3, Colonels keep stores, and majors gin-shops; 4, Men, when they sit, put their feet on the backs of the chairs; 5, Gentlemen and ladies eat with knives; 6, The whole United Provinces agreed in calling the authoress "The old woman." Now, had Mrs. Trollope chosen, she might have found much of the same sort of thing in her native land: here, labouring men persist in calling their masters their employers; here, many men of rank and education both smoke and spit; here, members of parliament are tailors and brewers, and editors of periodicals; here, in our own memory, men and women both ate

with knives, for, as then, silver forks were little known; and here, not only ladies in years are called old, but we have heard, without either sense or propriety, ministers of state and reverend bishops called old women.

Mrs. Trollope is more than unreasonable in her expectations: she expects to find in a cheap and working republic all the courtly airs and put-on graces of a country of kings and earls—she looks for the assumed obsequiousness and bowing submission which are forced upon the people of this land by a sense of dependence, and the feeling that it is necessary, amid the rivalry of dealers, to secure customers. She was ignorant of the way in which the freedom which she worshipped wrought, when she looked for such results. The equality, of which her *helps* compelled the recognition, is sufficient evidence that the peasantry of America are higher in the social scale than the same class in England. Her horror at discovering discourteous Colonels and Majors who kept public-houses is truly laughable. She had not the sagacity to see how much this told in favour of her uncivil republicans: with them, as in the army of Napoleon, talent and courage are the passports to commissions; with us, rank in the army is the prerogative of the rich or the titled—those of gentle blood alone have brains to lead—the lowly-born have only courage to follow. These remarks have been forced from us by the perusal of this clever but most inconsiderate book, and they are necessary to qualify and abate the rigour of the following delineations which our ungente traveller makes:—

American Officers.

"The gentlemen in the cabin (we had no ladies) would certainly, neither from their language, manners, nor appearance, have received that designation in Europe; but we soon found their claim to it rested on more substantial ground, for we heard them nearly all addressed by the titles of general, colonel, and major. On mentioning these military dignities to an English friend some time afterwards, he told me that he too had made the voyage with the same description of company, but remarking that there was not a single captain among them; he made the observation to a fellow-passenger, and asked how he accounted for it. 'Oh, sir, the captains are all on deck,' was the reply.

"Our honours, however, were not all military, for we had a judge amongst us. I know it is equally easy and invidious to ridicule the peculiarities of appearance and manner in people of a different nation from ourselves; we may, too, at the same moment, be undergoing the same ordeal in their estimation; and, moreover, I am by no means disposed to consider whatever is new to me as therefore objectionable; but, nevertheless, it was impossible not to feel repugnance to many of the novelties that now surrounded me.

"The total want of all the usual courtesies of the table, the voracious rapidity with which the viands were seized and devoured, the strange uncouth phrases and pronunciation; the loathsome spitting, from the contamination of which it was absolutely impossible to protect our dresses; the frightful manner of feeding with their knives, till the whole blade seemed to enter into the mouth; and the still more frightful manner of cleaning the teeth afterwards with a pocket knife, soon forced us to feel that we were not surrounded by the generals, colonels, and majors of the old world; and that the dinner hour was to be anything rather than an hour of enjoyment." i. 23-4.

Liberty and Equality.

"The steam-boat had wearied me of social meals, and I should have been thankful to have eaten our dinner of hard venison and peach-sauce in a private room; but this, Miss Wright said was impossible; the lady of the house would consider the proposal as a personal affront, and, moreover, it would be assuredly refused. This latter argument carried weight with it, and when the great bell was sounded from an upper window of the house, we proceeded to the dining-room. The table was laid for fifty persons, and was already nearly full. Our party had the honour of sitting near 'the lady,' but to check the proud feelings to which such distinction might give birth, my servant, William, sat very nearly opposite to me. The company consisted of all the shop-keepers (store-keepers as they are called throughout the United States) of the little town. The mayor also, who was a friend of Miss Wright's, was of the party; he is a pleasing gentlemanlike man, and seems strangely misplaced in a little town on the Mississippi. We were told that since the erection of this hotel, it has been the custom for all the male inhabitants of the town to dine and breakfast there. They ate in perfect silence, and with such astonishing rapidity that their dinner was over literally before ours was begun; the instant they ceased to eat, they darted from the table in the same moody silence which they had preserved since they entered the room, and a second set took their places, who performed their silent parts in the same manner. The only sounds heard were those produced by the knives and forks, with the unceasing chorus of coughing, &c. No women were present except ourselves and the hostess; the good women of Memphis being well content to let their lords partake of Mrs. Anderson's turkeys and venison, (without their having the trouble of cooking for them), whilst they regale themselves on mash and milk at home." i. 33-4.

American Manners.

"All animal wants are supplied profusely at Cincinnati, and at a very easy rate; but, alas! these go but a little way in the history of a day's enjoyment. The total and universal want of manners, both in males and females, is so remarkable, that I was constantly endeavouring to account for it. It certainly does not proceed from want of intellect. I have listened to much dull and heavy conversation in America, but rarely to any that I could strictly call silly, (if I except the everywhere privileged class of very young ladies). They appear to me to have clear heads and active intellects; are more ignorant on subjects that are only of conventional value, than on such as are of intrinsic importance; but there is no charm, no grace in their conversation. I very seldom during my whole stay in the country heard a sentence elegantly turned, and correctly pronounced from the lips of an American. There is always something either in the expression or the accent that jars the feelings and shocks the taste." p. 63-4.

A Domestic Picture.

"We visited one farm, which interested us particularly from its wild and lonely situation, and from the entire dependence of the inhabitants upon their own resources. It was a partial clearing in the very heart of the forest. The house was built on the side of a hill, so steep that a high ladder was necessary to enter the front door, while the back one opened against the hill side; at the foot of this sudden eminence ran a clear stream, whose bed had been deepened into a little reservoir, just opposite the house. A noble field of Indian-corn stretched away into the forest on one side, and a few half-cleared acres, with a shed or two upon them, occupied the other, giving accommodation to cows, horses, pigs, and chickens innumerable.

Immediately before the house was a small potatoe garden, with a few peach and apple trees. The house was built of logs, and consisted of two rooms, besides a little shanty or lean-to, that was used as a kitchen. Both rooms were comfortably furnished with good beds, drawers, &c. The farmer's wife, and a young woman who looked like her sister, were spinning, and three little children were playing about. The woman told me that they spun and wove all the cotton and woollen garments of the family, and knit all the stockings; her husband, though not a shoe-maker by trade, made all the shoes. She manufactured all the soap and candles they used, and prepared her sugar from the sugar-trees on their farm. All she wanted with money, she said, was to buy coffee, tea, and whiskey, and she could 'get enough any day by sending a batch of butter and chicken to market.' They used no wheat, nor sold any of their corn, which, though it appeared a very large quantity, was not more than they required to make their bread and cakes of various kinds, and to feed all their live stock during the winter. She did not look in health, and said they had all had ague 'in the fall'; but she seemed contented, and proud of her independence; though it was in somewhat a mournful accent that she said, 'Tis strange to us to see company: I expect the sun may rise and set a hundred times before I shall see another human that does not belong to the family.' i. 68—70.

The most fertile source of annoyance to our sensitive countrywoman was, the negotiations which she had to carry on in the engagements of servants: instead of hastening to a market town and selecting out some buxom damsel who carried a leaf of holly or a sprig of broom in her belt as a sign that she was to hire, Mrs. Trollope was compelled to sue, and beseech, and use dainty words, else these transatlantic helps tossed their independent heads, scoffed her offers, and sought some more courteous mistress. On this sore subject our authoress dilates with no little cleverness:—

American Helps.

"The greatest difficulty in organising a family establishment in Ohio, is getting servants, or, as it is there called, 'getting helps,' for it is more than petty treason to the Republic, to call a free citizen a servant. The whole class of young women, whose bread depends upon their labour, are taught to believe that the most abject poverty is preferable to domestic service. Hundreds of half-naked girls work in the paper-mills, or in any other manufactory, for less than half the wages they would receive in service; but they think their equality is compromised by the latter, and nothing but the wish to obtain some particular article of finery will ever induce them to submit to it. A kind friend, however, exerted herself so effectually for me, that a tall stately lass soon presented herself, saying, 'I be come to help you.' The intelligence was very agreeable, and I welcomed her in the most gracious manner possible, and asked what I should give her by the year.

" 'Oh Gimini!' exclaimed the damsel, with a loud laugh, 'you be a downright Englisher, sure enough. I should like to see a young lady engage by the year in America! I hope I shall get a husband before many months, or I expect I shall be an outright old maid, for I be most seventeen already; besides, mayhap I may want to go to school. You must just give me a dollar and a half a week, and mother's slave, Phillis, must come over once a week, I expect, from t'other side the water, to help me clean.' * * *

"When she found she was to dine in the kitchen, she turned up her pretty lip, and said, 'I guess that's 'cause you don't think I'm good

enough to eat with you. You'll find that won't do here.' I found afterwards that she rarely ate any dinner at all, and generally passed the time in tears. I did everything in my power to conciliate and make her happy, but I am sure she hated me. I gave her very high wages, and she stayed till she had obtained several expensive articles of dress, and then, *un beau matin*, she came to me full dressed, and said, 'I must go.' 'When shall you return, Charlotte?' 'I expect you'll see no more of me.' And so we parted. Her sister was also living with me, but her wardrobe was not yet completed, and she remained some weeks longer, till it was." i. 75—77.

Mrs. Trollope an old Woman.

"My general appellation amongst my neighbours was 'the English old woman,' but in mentioning each other they constantly employed the term 'lady'; and they evidently had a pleasure in using it, for I repeatedly observed, that in speaking of a neighbour, instead of saying Mrs. Such-a-one, they described her as 'the lady over the way what takes in washing,' or as 'that there lady, out by the Gully, what is making dip-candles.' Mr. Trollope was as constantly called 'the old man,' while draymen, butchers' boys, and the labourers on the canal were invariably denominated 'them gentlemen;' nay, we once saw one of the most gentlemanlike men in Cincinnati introduce a fellow in dirty shirt sleeves, and all sorts of detestable et cetera, to one of his friends, with this formula, 'D**** let me introduce this gentleman to you.' i. 140.

That Mrs. Trollope occasionally discovered humble worth and sensible industry among these uncivil republicans, the following fine description will sufficiently show; and with it we must, for this week, conclude our extracts:—

The American Husbandman.

"There was one man whose progress in wealth I watched with much interest and pleasure. When I first became his neighbour, himself, his wife, and four children, were living in one room, with plenty of beef-steaks and onions for breakfast, dinner, and supper, but with very few other comforts. He was one of the finest men I ever saw, full of natural intelligence and activity of mind and body, but he could neither read nor write. He drank but little whiskey, and but rarely chewed tobacco, and was therefore more free from that plague spot of spitting which rendered male colloquy so difficult to endure. He worked for us frequently, and often used to walk into the drawing-room and seat himself on the sofa, and tell me all his plans. He made an engagement with the proprietor of the wooded hill before mentioned, by which half the wood he could fell was to be his own. His unwearied industry made this a profitable bargain, and from the proceeds he purchased the materials for building a comfortable frame (or wooden) house; he did the work almost all entirely himself. He then got a job for cutting rails, and, as he could cut twice as many in a day as any other man in the neighbourhood, he made a good thing of it. He then let half his pretty house, which was admirably constructed, with an ample portico, that kept it always cool. His next step was contracting for the building a wooden bridge, and when I left Mohawk he had fitted up his half of the building as an hotel and grocery store; and I have no doubt that every sun that sets sees him a richer man than when it rose. He hopes to make his son a lawyer, and I have little doubt that he will live to see him sit in congress; when this time arrives, the wood-cutter's son will rank with any other member of congress, not of courtesy, but of right, and the idea that his origin is a disadvantage, will never occur to the imagination of the most exalted of his fellow-citizens." i. 170—72.

There are two points in which we concur with the authoress of this work—viz. the employment of slaves, and the extermination of the native Indians. How any men can imagine themselves in the full enjoyment of liberty, while they detain their fellow-creatures in slavery, we cannot for our souls imagine. Their negotiations, and expeditions, and plans to *extinguish*—such is their diplomatic language—the claims of the Indians, are alike cruel and unholy. Alas! principle is one thing and practice is another; these are the orators who talk eloquently of human liberty and the indefeasible rights of man. We have reserved the subject of religion for a separate article—we think Mrs. Trollope is as far wrong in matters of devotion as in discussions on democracy, and must tell her so.

The Easter Gift, a Religious Offering. By L. E. L. London, 1832. Fisher & Co.

SOME verses on Wilkie's painting of 'The Hymn to the Virgin' gave us good hopes of Miss Landon's success in serious poetry—but a specimen, last week published, shook our faith, and this volume has, we confess, disappointed us. However, we desire rather to gratify our readers than justify our judgment, and shall therefore make selection of, by far, the finest passage in the volume, written in illustration of Carlo Dolce's well-known picture of

The Magdalen.

The plaintive murmur of the midnight wind,
Like mournful music is upon the air:
So sad, so sweet, that the eyes fill with tears,
Without a cause—ah! no, the heart is heaped
So full with perished pleasures, vain regrets,
That nature cannot sound one grieving note
Upon her forest lyre, but still it finds
Mute echo in the sorrowing human heart.
Now the wind wails among the yellow leaves,
About to fall, over the faded flowers,
Over all summer's lovely memories.
About to die: the year has yet in store
A few dim hours, but they are dark and cold:
Sunshine, green leaves, glad flowers, they all are gone;
And it has only left the worn-out soil,
The leafless bough, and the o'erclouded sky.
And shall humanity not sympathize
With desolation which is like its own?
So do our early dreams fade unfulfilled;
So does our hope turn into memory.
The one so glad—the other such despair,
(For who can find a comfort in the past?)
So do our feelings harden, or decay,
Encrusting with hard selfishness too late,
Or bearing that deep wound, whereof we die.

Where are the buoyant spirits of our youth?
Where are the dancing steps, that but kept time
To our own inward gladness—where the light
That flushed the cheek into one joyous rose;
That lit the lips, and filled the eyes with smiles?
Gone, gone as utterly as singing birds,
And opening flowers, and honey-laden bees,
And shining leaves, are from yon forest gone.
I know this from myself—the words I speak
Were written first with tears on mine own heart;
And yet, albeit, it was a lovely time
Who would recall their youth, and be again,
The dreaming—the believing—the betrayed?
The feverishness of hope, the agony,
As every disappointment taught a truth,
For still is knowledge bought by wretchedness,—
Who could find energy to bear again?
Ye clear bright stars, that from the face of heaven
Shine out in tranquil loveliness, how oft
Have ye been witness to my passionate tears;
Altho' beloved, and beautiful, and young;
Yet happiness was not with my unrest.
For I had pleasure, not content; each wish
Seemed granted, only to be weariness.
No hope fulfilled its promise; and no dream
Was ever worth its waking bitterness.
Then there was love, that crowding into one
All vanity, all sorrow, all remorse;
Till we loathe life, glad, beautiful, hoping life,
And would be fain to lay our burthen down,
Although we might but lay it in the grave,
All natural terror lost in hope of peace.

The engravings, which the poems are written to illustrate, are all old acquaintances,

and, we believe, appeared heretofore in 'The Iris'—many of them are beautiful. A criticism ought to perplex those who denounced 'The Iris' as a very inferior production.

Journal of an Expedition to explore the Course and Termination of the Niger; with a Narrative of a Voyage down that River to its Termination. By Richard and John Lander. 3 vols. London, 1832. Murray.

ALL books of travels are pleasant to us; after wandering over the arid deserts of fiction—scenes in which imagination has done her best,—we hail a work of truth like a well in a wilderness, and revel on its pages like a locust on a green leaf. It is true, that many of the most enchanting regions of the earth have become familiar to European feet; that horde after horde of barbarians have been described and drawn; that island after island has furnished picturesque materials for quartos; and that even the mysterious North Pole has been all but invaded by our countrymen: yet, with all that, the unsatiable desire for something new is strong upon us, and we speed the going, and welcome the coming guest, who promises to tell us of any latitude concerning which a map-maker has a doubt. The Nile, the Poles, and the Niger, have each in their turn engaged attention and called forth enterprising travellers: we know not what will attract next, but, whatever it is, we have no doubt it will be made welcome, both by the nation, and by that constant patron of all discoverers, Mr. Murray. He is the great deliverer of all wanderers big with travel: whether their march has been over the mountain-waves, like Campbell's Britannia, or over the mountains themselves, they are made welcome to Albemarle Street; they are received with the right hand of good fellowship; their portraits are hung up among the elect; their rough memorandums are set in order, and written out in shining ink; and finally, they are enriched in purse, and become memorable men. All that we have said, is borne out by the volumes before us; and the hour is at hand, when the two Landers, the Castor and Pollux of travellers, will be presented to the world, as the only true lions of the great African desert, who can roar you like any nightingale, concerning the source of the Niger, and the palaces of Timbuctoo.

The real object of the journey of these enterprising brothers, was concealed from the princes and petty lords of Africa; and the recovery of the memorandums of Mungo Park, was constantly assigned as the cause of the expedition. They carried with them a large stock of scarlet cloth; and, what was found still more useful, abundance of knives, needles, and gilt buttons: the needles conciliated the ladies, and the buttons were either given in presents, or used as ready coin, when emergency required. Above all, they had an uncommon stock of health, patience, and good-nature; nor did they disguise themselves as Asiatics, as wise men recommended, but went openly and honestly forward as Englishmen, and assuredly they fared not the worse for it. Nor, though men of common or little education, were they unobservant either of the wild country through which they passed, or of the manners, customs, and behaviour of the wilder tribes, to whose

hospitality they had continually to trust. They have marked the leading features of everything interesting, and told their story in a clear straightforward style.

The 22nd of March 1830, finds the travellers at the town of Badágyr, on the coast of Guinea, the King of which, Adookey, a crafty and fawning barbarian, cheats them before they depart, plunders them in a courtly way as they go, and deceives them afterwards. The request which he makes at parting, amounted to more than the worth of his kingdom, yet it was necessary to comply with it; he desired,

"Four regimental coats, such as are worn by the King of England, for himself, and forty less splendid than these, for the use of his captains; two long brass guns, to run on swivels; fifty muskets, twenty barrels of gunpowder, four handsome swords, and forty cutlasses; to which are added, 'two puncheons of rum, a carpenter's chest of tools, with oils, paints, and brushes,' the chief himself boasting that he was a blacksmith, carpenter, painter, and indeed every trade but a tailor. Besides these trifles he wished to obtain a half-dozen rockets, and a rocket gun, with a soldier from Cape Coast, capable of undertaking the management of it. And lastly, he modestly ordered two puncheons of cowries to be sent him, 'for the purpose of defraying in part the expenses he had incurred in repelling the attacks of the men of Porto Novo, Attá, and Junculle, the tribes inhabiting those places having made war upon him for allowing Captain Clapperton's last mission to proceed into the interior without their consent. We asked, jocosely, whether Adookey would be satisfied with these various articles, when, having considered for a few moments, and conversed aloud to a few of his chiefs that were in the apartment at the time, he replied that he had forgotten to mention his want of a large umbrella, four casks of grape shot, and a barrel of flints, which having also inserted in the list, the letter was finally folded and sealed. It was then delivered into the hands of Adookey, who said that he should send it by Accra, one of his head men, to Cape Coast Castle, and that the man would wait there till all the articles should be procured for him. If that be the case, we imagine that Accra will have a very long time to wait." i. 39-40.

Having made their way from Badágyr, they turn their steps to Wow and Basha, and enter a romantic glen, of which they give the following clever description:—

"Between six and seven o'clock A.M., we continued our route through woods, and large open patches of ground, and at about eleven in the forenoon, arrived at the borders of a deep glen, more wild, romantic, and picturesque, than can be conceived. It is enclosed and overhung on all sides by trees of amazing height and dimensions, which hid it in deep shadow. Fancy might picture a spot, so silent and solemn as this, as the abode of genii and fairies; everything conducing to render it grand, melancholy, and venerable; and the glen only wants an old dilapidated castle, a rock with a cave in it, or something of the kind, to render it the most interesting place in the universe. There was one beautiful sight, however, which we would not omit mentioning for the world:—it was that of an incredible number of butterflies, fluttering about us like a swarm of bees; they had chosen this, no doubt, as a place of refuge against the fury of the elements. They were variegated by the most brilliant tints and colourings imaginable—the wings of some were of a shining green, edged and sprinkled with gold; others were of sky-blue and silver; others of purple and gold delightfully blending into each other; and the

wings of some were like dark silk velvet, trimmed and braided with lace." i. 61-2.

As they proceed inland, the chiefs grow more hospitable, the people more kind. The ladies, too, it must be confessed, are at some pains to increase the number of their allurements:—

"Many of the women of Bídjie have the flesh on their foreheads risen in the shape of marbles, and their cheeks similarly cut up and deformed, The lobes of their ears are likewise pierced, and the holes made surprisingly large, for the insertion of pieces of ivory and wood into them, which is a prevailing fashion with all ranks." i. 70.

On reaching Jenna they find that the King had died lately; that sundry of his wives had hid themselves rather than be buried alive with the dear defunct; that one of them, a very old lady, had been discovered, and had now to make choice between a cup of poison and a blow on the head. Her hesitation and reluctance is well described:—

"A heart that could not be touched at a scene of this nature, must be unfeeling indeed. Females have been coming all day to condole with the old lady, and to weep with her; so that we have heard and seen nothing but sobbing and crying from morning till the setting of the sun. The principal males in the town have likewise been here to pay their last respects to their mistress; and so has her grave-digger, who has just risen from prostrating himself on the ground before her. Notwithstanding the representations and remonstrances of the priest, and the prayers of the venerable victim to her gods for fortitude to undergo the dreadful ordeal, her resolution has forsaken her more than once. She has entered our yard twice to expire in the arms of her women, and twice has she laid aside the fatal poison, in order to take another walk, and gaze once more on the splendour of the sun and the glory of the heavens, for she cannot bear the idea of losing sight of them for ever. She is still restless and uneasy, and would gladly run away from Death, if she durst, for that imaginary being appears to her in a more terrible light than our pictures represent him, with his shadowy form and fatal dart. Die she must, and she knows it; nevertheless she will tenaciously cling to life till the very last moment. Meanwhile her grave is preparing, and preparations are making for a wake at her funeral. She is to be buried here in one of her own huts the moment after the spirit has quitted the body, which will be ascertained by striking the ground near which it may be lying at the time, when, if no motion or struggle ensues, the old woman will be considered as dead. The poison used by the natives on this occasion destroys life, it is said, in fifteen minutes." i. 93-4.

It may relieve some of our gentle readers to be told, that this shrewd old matron bribed the chief rulers and head judges, dismissed her mourning relatives and the obsequious grave-digger, and is now living in the best house in Jenna. The brothers, having in vain waited for the exit of her majesty, commenced their march for Jadoo. Men were mild of mood—birds of prey more rapacious—the latter remind us of 'The Eagle Assurance,' in Hood's Comic Annual:—

"Hawks and vultures are exceedingly numerous, both at Jenna and this place; the former are bold and disgusting birds, but the latter are so hungry and rapacious, that they pounce fearlessly in the midst of the natives when at their meals. This evening one of them darted at a piece of meat which one of our men held between his fingers, and snatched it from him whilst he was conveying it to his mouth." i. 103.

The Slave Trade still finds victims in that

quarter of the world—this was not unobserved of the Landers:—

"We found numbers of people of both sexes in the path, who were returning from Egga to Chow, and several naked boys on their way to the coast, under the care of guardians. These are slaves, and will be sold most likely at Badagry. Women bore burdens on their heads that would tire a mule, and children not more than five or six years of age trudged after them, with loads that would give a full-grown person in Europe the brain fever." i. 106.

Objects still more touching were not distant—the following is very affecting:—

"Many women with little wooden figures of children on their heads passed us in the course of the morning—mothers who, having lost a child, carry such rude imitations of them about their persons for an indefinite time as a symbol of mourning. None of them could be induced to part with one of these little affectionate memorials." i. 107.

But we must loiter no longer in the outset of the journey, but proceed at once to

Boossa.

"The city of Boossá, as we have before observed, consists of a great number of groups or clusters of huts, all within a short distance of each other. It is bounded on one side by the river Quorra or Niger, and on the other by an extensive turreted wall, with moats, forming a complete semicircle. * * * The soil of Boossá is, for the most part, very fertile, and produces rice, corn, yams, &c. in great abundance. *Dowah*, a kind of corn, is obtained here in the greatest perfection; it yields five hundred fold, and forms the principal food of the inhabitants, both rich and poor. Another variety of corn grows here, which has eight ears on a single stem: the grain is very small and sweet, but it is not cultivated to any extent. The butter-tree flourishes in and near the town; and palm oil is imported from Nouffie; but the latter is only used as an article of food, because it is very scarce and dear, and is purchased only by the king and a few of the principal inhabitants. The king and his midikie have each great numbers of fine cattle, but none of their subjects are in possession of a single bullock; they have, however, flocks of sheep and goats, and obtain immense quantities of fish from the Niger. Very good salt is brought from a salt lake on the borders of the river, which is about ten days' journey to the northward of this place; and pepper grows in every part of the country. Guinea-fowl, pheasants, partridges, and a variety of aquatic birds are found here in the greatest plenty, and have afforded us excellent sport. The natives sometimes endeavour to shoot them with their arrows, but this method of procuring game is at all times very precarious and difficult; and two birds only have been thus killed during several years past. Deer and antelopes also abound near the city; but they are timid and shy, and rarely, if ever, caught by the inhabitants. The fish, with which the river abounds so plentifully, are eaten by all classes of people: they are tough, dry, and unsavoury; yet they form part of the daily food of the inhabitants, who appear exceedingly fond of them." ii. 9—11.

Visit to the Sultan of Yáoorie.

"We soon arrived at the palace, which is a very large building, or rather a group of buildings inclosed by a high wall; and dismounting, we were presently conducted through a low avenue formed by pillars, which was as dark as a subterranean passage. This led to a large square yard, which we entered, and found it to communicate with the sultan's apartments by the number of domestics that were hurrying about. Several people were sitting on the ground,

but we were obliged to stand a long time, during which a profound silence was preserved, and no one was polite enough to offer us a mat to sit on. At length we received a summons to advance, and were introduced into another square, very much resembling a clean farm-yard. Here we discovered the sultan sitting alone in the centre of the square, on a plain piece of carpeting, with a pillow on each side of him, and a neat brass pan in front. His appearance was not only mean, but absolutely squalid and dirty. He is a big-headed, corpulent, and jolly-looking man, well stricken in years; and though there is something harsh and forbidding in his countenance, yet he was generally smiling during the conference." ii. 37-8.

City and Kingdom of Yáoorie.

"Yáoorie is a large, flourishing, and united kingdom. It is bounded on the east by Háussa, on the west by Borgoo, on the north by Cubbie, and on the south by the kingdom of Nouffie. The crown is hereditary, and the government an absolute despotism. The former sultan was deposed by his subjects for his violent measures and general bad conduct; and the present ruler, who succeeded him, has reigned for the long period of thirty-nine years. The sultan has a strong military force, which has successfully repelled, it is said, the repeated attacks which the ever-restless Falatahs for a number of years past made on the city and kingdom of Yáoorie; it is now employed in a remote province in quelling a rising insurrection, occasioned partly from the inability of the natives to pay their accustomed tribute, and partly from the harsh measures adopted by the sultan to compel them to do so. The city of Yáoorie is of prodigious extent, and is supposed to be as populous as any other in the whole continent, or at least that part of it which is visited by the trading Arabs. Its wall is high and very excellent, though made of clay alone, and may be between twenty and thirty miles in circuit; and it has eight vast entrance-gates, or doors, which are well fortified after the manner of the country. The inhabitants manufacture a very coarse and inferior sort of gunpowder, which, however, is the best, and we believe the only manufactory of the kind in this part of the country; besides which they make very neat saddles, country cloth, &c.; and they grow indigo, tobacco, onions, wheat, and different kinds of grain; and vast quantities of rice, of superior quality. The inhabitants have likewise horses, bullocks, goats, &c., but notwithstanding their industry and the advantages which they enjoy, they are very poorly clad, have little money, and are perpetually complaining of their bad condition. An indifferent market is held in the city daily under commodious sheds, in which the above articles are offered for sale. * * *

"The sultan's residence, as well as the houses of many of the principal inhabitants of the city, are two stories in height, having thick and clumsy stairs of clay leading to the upper apartments, which are rather lofty; and, together with rooms on the ground floor, have door-ways sufficiently large to enable a person to enter them without putting himself to the inconvenience of stooping. The principal part of the houses are built in the circular and coozié fashion, but the inhabitants have a few square ones; and the sultan's are of no regular form whatever. It may be considered somewhat singular that the generality of the natives of western and central, and, we believe, also of northern Africa, moisten the floors of their huts and the inside of their walls with a solution of cow-dung and water, two or three times a day, or as often as they can find the materials. 'Though disagreeable to the smell of an European, this keeps the interior of a dwelling as cool as it is dark.' We should have thought that Dr. Johnson, from whom this quotation is taken, was speaking of the native dwellings of this part of the world,

instead of those of the East Indies, so exactly does he describe them.

"Between the clusters or assemblages of huts in Yáoorie there is a considerable quantity of fertile land, which is left for cattle to graze on, or for the purposes of husbandry and agriculture.

"There is a great variety of trees within the walls of the city, consisting of the lime, the palm, the mi-cadania, and the date; but the latter, though it appears very luxuriant, never was known to bear fruit. The palm-tree adorns the banks of the Niger, and increases in quantity the further we advance up the river; yet that variety of it which bears the cocoa-nut is nowhere to be seen, owing, most likely, to the distance from the sea. For a reason, already given in a preceding part of this Journal, no proper estimation can be formed of the number of inhabitants which Yáoorie contains, but it is surprisingly great." ii. 46—9.

Here we must conclude for the present, but not without a home anecdote. Needles, it appears, are an article in great request, and the experience of Richard Lander burthened the travellers with a hundred thousand:—

"Amongst them was a great quantity of 'Whitechapel sharps,' warranted 'superfine, and not to cut in the eye!' Thus highly recommended, we imagined that these needles must have been excellent indeed; but what was our surprise when a number of them which we had disposed of, was returned to us with a complaint that they were all *eyeless*, thus redeeming with a vengeance the pledge of the manufacturer, that they 'would not cut in the eye.' On an examination afterwards, we found the same fault with the remainder of the 'Whitechapel sharps,' so that to save our credit we have been obliged to throw them away." ii. 42-3.

The work is dedicated to Viscount Goderic, introduced by a modest address from the Landers, and a very sensible and comprehensive History of African Research and Geography by Lieutenant Beecher, to whose valuable aid the brothers acknowledge themselves much indebted.

The Druid; a Tragedy, in Five Acts; with Notes on the Antiquities of Ireland. By T. Cromwell, Esq. London, 1832. Sherwood & Co.

THERE was a Cromwell who acted several fearful tragedies in Ireland, whose fame will never be forgotten: we fear that this tragedy on Ireland, is not destined to similar immortality; it is too declamatory for the stage, and not very interesting in the closet. The style does not vary with the characters, nor are the characters themselves clearly portrayed or sufficiently developed. But the author manifestly possesses a cultivated taste and no small share of poetic power, though deficient in other qualifications necessary to the formation of a successful dramatist.

The notes are more valuable than the original work, and contain some very curious and interesting particulars respecting the condition of Ireland, before the invasion of the Danes had destroyed the seats of learning, and dispersed the Christian colleges which once supplied missionaries to Europe. But the author is less successful in his Druidical researches, where he has chosen the fanciful Vallancey as his guide, and followed implicitly his forced analogies and equivocal etymologies.

Niebuhr's History of Rome. Vol. II. 1832. Taylor, London; Deighton, Cambridge; Parker, Oxford.

FROM the crowded state of our columns, we can do little more than announce the appearance of this truly important work in our present number. It throws even more light on the interesting struggle between aristocracy and democracy in the Roman republic than its predecessor, and is, at least, equally as creditable to the zeal and fidelity of the translators. We hope hereafter to give a fuller account of the work.

Caractacus; a Metrical Sketch, in twelve parts. London, 1832. Kidd.

Our sympathy in English History can reach no farther than the days of Alfred: nay, the reign of that monarch is to us the wall between the Forth and Clyde, which extended so far among barbarians that the Romans retreated behind their second wall in a more civilized district. In like manner, we have long had thoughts of limiting our nationality to the period of the Conquest, and of sternly refusing to cast a moment's regard on any characters, real or fictitious, whose date reaches higher than the battle of Hastings. What, then, shall we say of *Caractacus* in twelve books!—it would be easy to write that it is a work of a national kind—that it is divided regularly into twelve parts—that it has its vicissitudes of peace and war, of sorrow and love—that the Britons, victorious one day, are overcome by the Romans on the next—that Druids worship and speculate among their groves of oak, and that the verse is sometimes musical and sometimes rough, abounding with passages of natural beauty, and with sonorous names of natives and Romans, all of which run smooth on the even road of blank verse. This summary mode of criticism is neither according to our own nature, nor would it be courteous towards an author who has evidently studied much to please the world and win a name in song; we shall therefore allow the poet to speak for himself: and this is the more necessary, inasmuch as he says he has exceeded even the ordinary licence of poetry in the unequal length of his lines, and in occasionally burthening such words as *various* and *every* with a treble accent. The character of *Caractacus* shall serve as an example:—

Now the Silurian king, Caractacus,
The hope of Britain, and her tough right arm,
Swart as her own brown oaks, scarred like the pine
Blasted by light-bolts, ranged the rude hills
Of western Britain—Cambria's lesser Alps.
His voice, his look, his attitude, his strong
And hard-knit joints, broad breast, and sinewy limbs,
Ashamed the Roman that confronted him.
 Oft when his hardy followers drooped and died,
Like lilies in the frost by winter slain;
Or like the ripe rose killed by summer suns,
Alone he braved the battle and the storm,
The desperate fatigue, the scorching heats.
Born to command, in manhood's early dawn
He sought the field, renounced the downy bed
For snow-built couches, and the canopy of state
For the o'er-arching firmament of heaven—
The star-gemmed, and the thunder-flourning sky!
No son of Sloth, or Luxury, or Ease;
But the wild child of Danger, and Adventure;
The Briton's envy, and the Roman's dread!
 Stern as a god; implacable as hate;
 Dreadful as vengeance; haughty as the Greek;
 But yet affectionate, and kind, and merciful;
 Austere and saturnine, but not morose;
 A true-born patriot, whose every thought
 Was to preserve his country and her freedom.
 There was a noble greatness on his brow,
 His mien was graceful, godlike; and his eye
 Sparkled intelligence!

Even in this short extract the reader will perceive the licence of which the writer speaks. The volume abounds with passages of equal beauty and equal singularity. To examine how far the genius of the author vindicates such experiments, would require more space than we can afford; and we must dismiss the poet with the hope, that when next we meet him, the subject of his song will be of later date, and that it will be the pleasure of his muse to avoid, unless her wings be grown stronger, any hazardous flights in the harmony of numbers.

Cl. Claudiani Opera; Corn. Nepotis Vite. Bipontine Edition. London, 1832. Treuttel, Würtz & Co.

THE Bipontine editions of the Classics, are honourably distinguished by superior purity of text and simplicity of annotation. They extend to seventy-seven volumes of Greek, and one hundred and fifteen of Latin authors, well printed, on good paper, and at a very moderate price. The authors, of whose works the reprints are before us, furnish a curious example of the instability of fame: in the days of Chaucer, Claudian was regarded as the rival of Virgil, and Nepos more highly honoured than Plutarch; but now, the former is fallen into neglect, as unmerited as his ancient elevation was extravagant; and the latter is never seen, but by the boys of the lowest form. Messrs. Treuttel & Würtz deserve great praise for the care they have taken in supporting the merited character of the Bipontine series, in the new editions of those works, of which the impression was exhausted: and alas! we must add, that we fear their work will retain its pre-eminence, for the English publishers are not likely ever to get up a classical series, that will have the slightest pretensions to compete with the Bipontine. We almost hope that the attempt may never be made, for we have witnessed the lamentable deficiency of judgment, and almost of common sense, displayed in the only three great classical undertakings that we have witnessed in England.

We shall, perhaps, at some future time, take an opportunity of calling the attention of the public, to the gross absurdity of the entire system of classical education in this country, and more especially to the deficiencies in most, if not all, of the editions of classical authors, now used in English schools.

Passages from the Diary of a late Physician.

With Notes and Illustrations by the Editor. 2 vols. 1832. Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

THE extensive circulation of *Blackwood's Magazine*, made these papers known far and wide; and to the general commendation with which they were received, we may attribute their being thus collected. It therefore, only remains for us to announce the republication in two very neat volumes.

Carnot's Reflections on the Infinitesimal Analysis.

Translated by the Rev. W. R. Browell, M.A. Oxford, Parker; London, Whittaker & Co.; Cambridge, Deighton.

A laborious dissertation on the metaphysical principles of the calculus, would be sadly misplaced in any periodical not wholly devoted to science; and in the case of a work so extensively known, and so deservedly celebrated as that of Carnot, all criticism must be superfluous. It only remains to bear testimony to the zeal, fidelity and judicious discrimination of the trans-

lator, which we do with equal sincerity and pleasure.

When this work first appeared, France could boast with truth, that she alone in Europe exhibited the example of a statesman combining first-rate political knowledge with the highest acquirements in abstract science; it is now the pride of England, that the first of her statesmen yields not to Carnot in science, and far surpasses him in that more valuable knowledge, which teaches how to provide for the real happiness and true prosperity of a country.

Tour in Germany, Holland, and England. By a German Prince. Vols. III. & IV. London, 1832. E. Wilson.

OUR copious translations from the original work, make it impossible for us to do more for this clever translation, than announce the publication.

Analysis of the Seven Parts of Speech. By the Rev.

C. J. Lyon, M.A. 1832. Edinburgh, Oliver & Boyd; London, Simpkin & Marshall.

WE agree with Mr. Lyon, that the neglect of 'Tooke's Diversions of Purley' is very creditable to the taste of this perverse generation, and that most of the works called 'English Grammars' are very wretched productions. Though by no means satisfied with the cogency of all his arguments, or the truth of all his conclusions, we can safely recommend his own book to all who have a taste for grammatical disquisition. It exposes many popular errors, and brings to light many new and interesting facts respecting the peculiar structure of the English language.

The Classical Scholar's Guide. By Richard Carr.

Published for the Author by Foster, Kirkby Lonsdale; and Richardson, London.

THIS is a very useful treatise on classical pronunciation, a subject that has been too much neglected by English scholars. But the author strangely overrates its interest and importance; he favours us in his preface with a dissertation on criticism, particularly in its application to his book, which would scarcely be justifiable were he ushering into the world a new system of the universe; but which, prefixed to a compilation from the writers on Latin Prosody, is perfectly ridiculous. The book is disfigured by some other marks of pedantry, but they are over-balanced by the ability and meritorious industry displayed in systematizing the rules regulating pronunciation. The essay on the translation of Greek names into Latin is not likely to prove of much value, since the world has at length become enlightened enough to learn, that all translation from Greek into Latin is exquisitely absurd. Equally absurd is the system of writing in the barbarous jargon of scholastic Latin, what students could learn more easily and more usefully in their own language. Except for the purpose of obscuring knowledge, we can discover no reason for Mr. Carr giving his treatise on grammatical figures, and his system of rhetoric, in bad Latin, rather than good English. The book concludes with a new system of Mnemonics, not one whit better or worse than the scores of similar inventions which have been published since the *Memoria Technica*. To all such we have a decided objection, the cultivation of irrational memory is injurious to the mental faculties: to make students learn what is either unintelligible or nonsensical, is to teach them to become contented with parrot-knowledge—to be satisfied with the sound and regardless of the sense.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

ITALY.

O, Italy! I've breathed thy skies,
And wandered by thy streams,
And dreamt—in boyhood's ecstasies—
Its foolish, fervid dreams.
How calmly on thy lost estate,
So ruined now, and desolate,
Thy sun of glory gleams!
The sun—the very sun—of old,
That flashed from Caesar's roofs of gold.

Wrap thee in sackcloth, Italy!
Strew ashes on thy brow;
Thou hast but Roman memory,
And Roman bondmen now.
Oh, Land of Gods!—what! quailed and dumb
Before thy slave—thy Noricum—
Thou first of Nations!—Thou?
On Roman soil, 'mid Roman graves,
Can sons of Romans crawl as slaves?

O! could thy Scipio see thee now,
Where'er his ashes rest,
The seal of bondage on thy brow,
Its badge upon thy breast!
His bride—his Italy—his own!
The leman of a despot's throne,
The slave of his behest.
By monarchs spoiled, by priests befooled,
The minion of the Goths she ruled.

Yet wonder not thy sky is dim,
Thou queen of sunny climes!
Thy hist'ry's iron leaves are grim
With thy recorded crimes;—
Aye, crimes!—for all the laud that fills
The pages of thy chronicles;
The eulogistic chimes
Of all that hymn thy Roman praise,
And call thy slaughters—victories.

O, thou hadst quaffed, to drunkenness,
Ambition's gory wine;
And triumphed, till no lip could bless
The name of thee and thine;
And culled from every land a curse,
Throughout thy Roman universe,
From Egypt to the Rhine;
By every homestead of the free,
Were nourished hearts that hated thee.

What lessons—ruined Conqueror!—
From thee Ambition learns,
Where dimly in thy sepulchre
The lamp of Glory burns!
Just lighting up its gorgeous glooms,
To tell us nations have their tombs,
As heroes have their urns;
And mocking, with its mournful state,
That wicked folly—to be great.

The hero fool of Macedon
Might parallel with thee;
Ye both have left to worlds ye won,
A name, and homily.
O'er thee! the earth's resistless lord
Now wields the crosier and the sword,
Alternate tyranny.
And He! some unmemorial'd sod
Covers his dust—the denigod!

He! or of Ammon's godlike race,
Or Philip's haughty son,
Went forth from his paternal Thrace,
To die at Babylon.
The mighty madman! O how soon
O'ershadowed, at his highest noon,
Like an eclipsed sun.
He had ambition's utmost vow—
Grew great—and perished—so didst thou!

And yet, O, Italy! 'mid all
The evil thou hast done,
Men wail and wonder at thy fall,
Thou mighty—ruined one!

They wonder, when the east and west
Are thronging forth to freedom's feast,
Her Jubilee begun,
Mingling their voices as they come,
Immortal Helot! thou art dumb.

O, thou wilt come! In freedom's hall
Is still a place for thee;—
O, join, the nations on thee call,
Communion with the free.
Up! tyrants are the glorious spoil;—
Up! sweep the locusts from thy soil—
From Rhatia to the sea;—
Up! share with us that gift divine,
Our fathers' sons have won from thine.

Belfast.

THE WALNUT TREE.

"A brave tree that, master! How much
in the span, now? Sound at the heart, no
doubt. Indeed—(and the speaker glanced
at the tree from top to stem)—a pretty piece
of timber!"

The owner of the tree, an old, hale man,
was leaning over the quickest hedge that
fenced his garden: his rugged, ruddy face
seemed kindling up in the sunset of a July
evening; and as he watched the declining
light, burning through a row of distant elms,
there was a cheerful composure in his look
—a thoughtfulness becoming the features of
a patriarch. He heard the speaker, and,
with a slight movement of the head, acknow-
ledged his praises of the walnut-tree, which
grew at the side of a little white-walled cot-
tage, and flung out its giant arms above the
roof.

"Shocking times, these, my master," ob-
served the stranger, at length making the
old man an attentive listener;—"bad times!"

"Yes, Sir. Wheat has gone up two
shillings a quarter. Last harvest was the
worst within my memory; and my sickle has
glittered amongst the corn for the last sixty
years."

"Aye, I believe the harvest wasn't so
good—but I meant the war; though, to be
sure, the last accounts were more favourable.
Five thousand Frenchmen were killed by our
brave veterans!"

"Poor souls!—God help them! But
what, Sir, is all this war about—what is it
for?"

"For! Why, for the king's honour and
glory, and—and all that! So it stands to
reason, that every loyal subject should assist
his king's gracious majesty. Now the army
want stores. You wouldn't like to sell that
tree, would you? If 'twere sound all the way
up, I don't know that, as an honest con-
tractor, I might not offer fifty guineas."

"Fifty guineas!"
"Aye, and, in my poor judgment, I think
they'd sound better to your ears clinking in
your pockets, than do those boughs creaking
in the wind. Come, is it a bargain? But first
tell me how old the tree is."

"Seventy years ago, next February, that
tree—and he'd have long arms that could
clip it about—was no thicker than my little
finger. I was just five years old when 'twas
put into the ground."

"That's some time back to remember."
"Remember!—why, it's in my mind as
though it were but yesterday. My old grand-
mother—I see her now—turned up the
mould, just there, with the spade, and giving
me the tree to steady straight; I held it in
the hole whilst she heaped the earth about

its root. When she had finished, she told
me that, when she was dead, that tree would
always keep her in my mind;—and so it
has. 'Twas the last piece of work she did,
for the next day she sickened, and the next,
—for I don't know how it is, but your poor
folks are never so long dying as your rich
ones,—she died. Well, the tree grew and
grew; and it's a foolish thing to say, but
there seemed to me a something of the old
woman in it. Even now, in the dusk some-
times,—in a sort of day-dream, d'ye mind,
as I lean with my back against this hedge,—
I see there a little child in petticoats holding
a twig, and an old dame shovelling up the
earth. But this, as I say, is in the evening,
when work's done, and we think of a thou-
sand things we never heed at labour. I am
seventy-five, Sir; and though it is a good
age, I often wonder, when I look on that
tree, how soon I have grown old."

"I dare say," replied the contractor, who,
during the speech of the old man, had con-
tinued to observe the tree with a smug, pro-
fessional look, as though, in his day-book-
and-ledger eye, he was parcelling out its
beautiful trunk into lots; "I dare say—all
that is so like nature; but fifty guineas, you
see, are a good round sum;—and then, you
know, to serve your king, and to help to beat
those rascally French, who live upon live
frogs, and wear lignum vite shoes;—well,
shall I count out the money?" And the con-
tractor drew from his huge coat pocket a
leathern bag, and, untying it, suffered some
of its glittering contents to meet the eye of
the old cottager.

"But, as to serving the king, how can my
walnut-tree do good to his majesty?"

"Don't I tell you, the army want stores."
"Stores?"

"Yes. I've contracted to supply some.
I've already bought five hundred pieces of
live timber, and I want, among the rest, your
grandmother's walnut-tree, to cut for our
brave troops into musket stocks."

The old man left the hedge, and closed the
wicket-gate. He did not answer a syllable;
—but, had Demosthenes made an oration
on the old man's disgust, he could not have
spoken with more significance, or with greater
emphasis, than, struck by the fingers of the
cottager, did the wooden latch. J.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF ROME.—No. IX.

A word or two of Rome itself, and I have
done. Rome is the most imposing city I have
ever seen: how far feeling may influence
judgment I know not; but I intend to speak
of it independent of association and its fame
and history. I know no city that impresses
you so strongly with a feeling of architec-
tural magnificence as Rome, when you first
enter at the Piazza del Popolo and drive
down the Corso. Notwithstanding its irre-
gularity, and the paltry shops and stalls that
seemingly disfigure it, I think the Corso is
the finest street in Europe. It is narrow, but
this gives height to the buildings; and there
is not any street, I doubt if there be any city,
that contains so many palaces of the same
nobleness, variety, grandeur, and architectural
pompe; and the intermixture of churches,
palaces, shops, and stalls, take away all
feeling of the court end of a city—of the one
spot that is fine and showy. This strange
association of magnificence and beggary is

common in Rome, and, contrary to what I should have expected, it impresses you with a notion of magnificence, and not of beggary. Rome is studded with palaces; in the most obscure, the most vile, the worst situation, will be found sumptuous and noble palaces, that are unequalled by the best in London—but indeed we have none in London. If Rome can be said to have a court end, it must be, I suppose, the Quirinal, where the Pope actually resides: and certainly, when we stand on Monte Cavallo, with the Palazzo Pontificio on one hand, the gardens of the Colonna on the other, the Rospigliosi and the Consulta before you, and pass from hence to the Quattro Fontane, and look down on S. Maria Maggiore, with palaces on both sides, there is no intrusion of “baser matter.” But the noblest palaces are not in this quarter: the Borghese, the Farnese, the Spada, and many others, are situated close to the Tiber in some of the most obscure and dirty holes in Rome; the Corsini, the most sumptuous of all, the Salviati, and others, are on the other side the Tiber, to say nothing of the Vatican itself.

The Piazzas are numerous, but not large; the Piazza Navona is the best. The Fountains have a very delightful effect; the supply of water is really grand; that at the Fontana Paola is situated so high, and runs in such quantities as to turn several mills, after leaving the basin of the fountain: but those in front of St. Peter's are the only ones in Rome that are beautiful. These are so simple and elegant, that you know them from drawings as well as if you had seen them; but you can never *feel* their beauty till you have stood in that noble court, surrounded by those magnificent corridors, in front of that grand temple, and seen their falling waters silvered by a Roman moon. All the rest, including the hieroglyphic in the Piazza Navona, and the huge absurdity at the Fountain Trevi, are bad, and bad in proportion to their cost, their labour, their pretensions, and their fame. I would willingly have thought otherwise of the latter, for the sake of Corinna, of its noble rock work, and its fine stream of water.

Rome has the character of being a very dirty city, and it deserves it. I have been here in fine weather, but the filth accumulated in the most public places (the noble flight of steps leading to the Trinita de Monti, in proof), and the scandalous abuse of the door-ways, which are all open, would have satisfied me it must be so, if rain had not fallen in time to convince me of it. In fact, Rome has all the dirt, but none of the busy stir of a trading city—all the external pomp of palaces, without the brilliant gaiety of a court. It must be a dull city to all whose happiness is in society: but students, artists, and retired men, never can be dull here.

Of the people I know nothing. There seems to me a more uniform expression in the faces of the women, more of family likeness, than I should have expected in so large a city, subject to such changes as Rome has been. But Roman beauty is not of the highest order. You meet not unfrequently with fine expressive heads, like Pasta's; but the expression is not pleasant; and their figures are broad and square. The finest women are dignified and stately, with something of the voluptuous, nothing of the pleasurable, in the face; a great deal of passion, but nothing of playfulness. At the studio

of —, I was unfortunately too late to be introduced to a woman who had not long before stabbed a man to death with the bodkin which she wore in her hair. I have seen several portraits of her, and a fine head she has; but, under all its beauty, there is a demoniacal passion, that made me shudder. I met just such another—the same, for anything I know—in some obscure and remote paths between the Villa Spada and S. Pietro in Montorio. I was strolling about, when, whether I was intruding into some haunt, and this creature was set to watch me, I know not, but ten times at least did she cross my path. At first, I made no other observation than on the fearful expression of her face, but from the crossings and recrossings, and meetings at every turning, I thought it questionable if I were to return without being tickled under the ribs with this bodkin —“a bare bodkin,” if you please to laugh, but let me assure you, it is very like a dagger;—and such was the terrible power of her scowl, and the enervating consciousness of her being a woman, that I thought at the moment, and think still, that if we were to have had a brawl, I would willingly have exchanged her for any two men in Rome.

I have heard of a Spanish proverb, but I think it must be Roman, “never do to-day what you can do to-morrow.” I confess, the quiet, deliberate indifference of the people at Rome, is a little vexatious to a hasty traveller. I tried half-a-dozen times to get admission into S. Stefano Rotunda, before I succeeded: I asked several persons each time where to apply, or when to come, and not one could inform me. S. Maria Navicella opposite, I have not seen, nor the tomb of the Scipios, nor twenty other places that are not worth twenty several applications. At S. Maria della Pace, we succeeded, after some difficulty, in finding out the residence of the Sacristan. He was taking his siesta, and on no consideration, neither for love, nor money, nor ill-humour, would the servant consent to disturb him. We must come again. But why are people to be annoyed and inconvenienced, because you are in a hurry? Very true, but if these people did not rouse your spleen, you are more of a philosopher than I take you for. By some strange perversity, you are never right in your applications—an hour too soon, or an hour too late—it is a holiday—or the custode is gone out. If it be not open to-day, you had better come to-morrow. Will it be open to-morrow? That never struck them—they don't know. No one at Rome is acquainted with the forms and regulations of how to gain admission anywhere. The people are civil and obliging, but never stir a foot to direct you. It is of no consequence to them, nor, in their opinion, to you, whether you find what you seek or not. I think there can be very little scandal at Rome, for no one seems to interest themselves about you. At our hotel we pass in and out without a question. I have never yet seen either the master or mistress.

But I have done. If I have not conveyed to you what my feelings have been on visiting this memorable city—this glory of ages—if I have not given you a good general idea of what you would feel on visiting Rome, I have failed from no neglect. These letters have cost me many weary hours.

D. W.

MUZIO CLEMENTI.

MUZIO CLEMENTI was certainly no ordinary man. A brief memoir of him, for which we shall be partly indebted to the *Harmonicon*, will not, therefore, be unacceptable to our readers. He was a native of Rome, and successively, a pupil of Cordicelli, Santarelli, and Carpinì, in harmony, vocal composition, and counterpoint. When only twelve years old, he composed a mass, which evinced great promise of future eminence. About this time, the late Mr. Beckford, then on his travels in Italy, induced the youthful genius to accompany him to England, and to reside with him; and, during such residence, Clementi acquired a general knowledge of literature and science, a considerable proficiency in both the dead and living languages, and devoted daily several hours to the study and practice of music. At eighteen, he not only surpassed all his contemporary pianoforte players, in execution, taste, and expression, but had composed his celebrated Opera 2—a work, which by the consent of all musicians, may be considered as the basis, on which the whole fabric of modern pianoforte sonatas has been founded. He now quitted the roof of his English patron, and was engaged to preside at the piano, at the King's Theatre. In 1780, he made a tour on the Continent, and was received everywhere, with the patronage of sovereigns, the admiration of his brother musicians, and the enthusiastic applauses of the public. Accustomed to the measured, and somewhat cold plaudits of an English audience, the first burst of Parisian enthusiasm so astonished him, that he frequently afterwards jocosely remarked, he could hardly believe himself the same Clementi in Paris, as in London. In Vienna, he became acquainted with Haydn, Mozart, Salieri, and many other celebrated musicians, then resident in that city. He returned to London in 1784, and pursued his professional career with increasing reputation, as a teacher, composer, and performer. He, subsequently, however, and more than once, visited the Continent; and on the last occasion, when called to Rome by the death of a brother, so completely had the war interrupted all communication, that, being disappointed of remittances from London, he pledged his snuff-boxes and rings, presented to him in his tour; and it was only after many hazardous attempts, that he reached his adopted country, in the year 1810.

His return was hailed with delight, by the profession, and the musical public, in the hope of enjoying his performance, and benefiting by his instruction: all, however, were alike doomed to disappointment, for he had determined, neither to take pupils, nor to play in public.

Clementi was one of the founders of the Philharmonic Society, and he generally conducted a concert each season. To this Society he presented two of his MS. symphonies, the first of which was performed in 1819, and a grand overture, in 1824. In the same year, he conducted also the performance of one of his symphonies, at the Concert Spirituel, and on the 17th of December, the *élite* of the professors in the metropolis gave him an entertainment at the Albion Tavern. On this occasion, he indulged his assembled friends with a last proof that his fancy was

unfettered by age, and his finger unpalsied by years. He extemporized on a subject from Handel's first Organ Concerto, in a style, in which those who had been his contemporaries or pupils, immediately recognized the undiminished powers of their old friend or instructor; and at which those, who for the first time heard the more than septuagenarian artist, could scarcely find terms to express their delight and surprise. It was, he declared, 'the proudest day of his life;' and it was a proof of the respect and reward, which, to the last moment of protracted life, attend upon a youth spent in temperance and virtuous industry, and a manhood guided by honour.

THE LATE CAPTAIN ABERCROMB TRANT.

As merit is peculiar to no age or station, so may it be displayed in all situations; and, however interest or policy may influence the elevation of persons of rank who are not distinguished, or of hoary heads who are not veterans, final justice is the reward of merit.

Captain Trant, the only son of Major-General Sir Nicholas Trant, although only in his 28th year, and having entered His Majesty's army since the termination of the last general European War, had seen service in India, and was subsequently employed in the Ionian islands; his gallantry and exertions more than once brought him into notice. But it is as the author of two works, 'Two Years in Ava,' and 'A Journey through Greece,' that he is entitled to this notice.

He died on the 13th inst., we believe from the effects of service, at the house of his only sister, the vicarage of Great Baddow.

Brave, talented, honourable, his family have to regret a relative, whose qualities endeared, and whose ability was valuable; whilst his companions have lost a friend, and the service an officer, who cannot easily be replaced.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

POETRY seems to be taking something of a devout turn: Mr. Robert Montgomery has advertised a poem, to be called the 'Messiah,' in six books, dedicated to the Queen; and we have this moment received an illustrated volume of devotional verses, by Miss Landon. Mr. Rogers, we hear, has made considerable progress in the embellishments of a second volume of his poems, to be a companion to his splendid poem of 'Italy'; and one in whose taste we have full confidence, assures us, that the landscapes, by Turner, are the very finest things of the kind produced by that eminent artist. A poem, in twelve parts, called 'The Maid of Elvar,' from the hand of Allan Cunningham, is in the press; the scene is on the border, the time is the early part of the reign of Queen Mary—it is of the narrative kind, and gives a national and domestic picture of the people in the days when reform in religion, and hostilities with England, rendered Scotland the scene of many a romantic exploit. The *Annals*, it appears, have not been so productive as formerly, and it is said, some of them will be relinquished. The *Juveniles* of Westley and Ackermann are to be united, under the superintendence of Mrs. Hall. We hear that no less than seven Lords have had works accepted or bespoke by one bookseller. We anticipate some sport with these star and garter authors.

It is in contemplation to celebrate the

centenary of the birth of Haydn on Saturday, the 31st instant, at the Albion Tavern. Messrs. J. Cramer and Moscheles have issued circulars to the leading men in the profession, but Saturday is a day when many are necessarily engaged at the Opera; besides which, it is thought that a more creditable celebration would be a musical performance, consisting entirely of a selection from Haydn's works—the proceeds of which might go towards some musical society for charitable purposes.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

March 22.—The Rev. Dr. Buckland, Vice President, in the chair.—The reading of a paper, entitled 'An Account of Observations and Experiments on the Torpedo,' by John Davy, M.D., F.R.S., was commenced.—The following gentlemen were proposed Fellows—viz. Charles Purton Cooper, Edward Ayshford Sanford, and Decimus Burton, Esqs.

[The paper read at the meeting on the 13th, on 'A Method of deducing the Longitude from the Moon's right ascension,' was by Thomas Kerigan, Esq., and not Herigan, as stated in our former report.]

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

March 15.—Mr. C. Wheatstone gave a lecture 'On the Vibrations of Columns of Air in cylindrical and conical Tubes.' After enumerating the various modes by which columns of air may be put into sonorous vibration, and which constitute so many classes of wind instruments of music, the lecturer proceeded to detail the principal results of Bernoulli's Theoretical Investigations. When a column of air in a cylindrical tube, open at both its ends, produces the lowest sound it is capable of rendering, according to this theory, the motions of the particles of air are made in opposite directions, alternately to and from the central point, or node, where the variations of density are greatest. Mr. Wheatstone gave the following new and decisive experimental proof of this theoretical deduction. He took a tube bent nearly to a circle so that its ends were opposite to each other, with a small space between them; he then took a glass plate, capable of making the same number of vibrations as the air contained within the tube, and causing it to sound by drawing a violin bow across it, placed it at equal distances between the two orifices, so that the impulses of the vibrating surface were made, at the same instant of time, towards one, and from the other end of the tube; as might be expected from the theory, these effects neutralizing each other, no resonance took place, and the air in the tube remained at rest. But when (the two halves of the tube moving round each other by means of a joint,) the orifices were brought opposite to different vibrating parts of the plate, so that the impulses were made at the same instant towards or from both the orifices, the column of air powerfully resounded.

He then proceeded to show, that, when a column of air sounded any other than its fundamental note, it did so in consequence of a division of the column into parts of equal length separately vibrating, in the same manner as the harmonic sounds of a string have been explained: that the air may vibrate when divided into any number of aliquot parts, and the corresponding sounds are as the series of natural numbers, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, &c.: that, at the limits of each vibrating part, a communication may be made with the atmosphere, by an aperture, or even by entirely separating the tube, without any injury to the sound: that, in each mode of division in which there is a node in the centre, (i. e. in each alternate mode,) a solid partition may be placed at the centre of the tube, dividing

it into two equal parts, each giving the same sound as the entire tube when the partition was removed: and that, consequently, a tube stopped at one end gives a series of sounds corresponding to the progression 1, 3, 5, 7, &c. of a pipe double its length and open at both ends.

After verifying these established results, the lecturer proceeded to show the erroneousness of the prevailing opinion, stated by Chladni and others, "that the end at which a tube is excited into vibration, must always be considered as an open end, even if it be placed immediately to the mouth, as in the horn and trumpet." He showed that a cylindrical tube gave the same fundamental sound and the same series of harmonics, when it was excited as a horn, or with a reed, at one end, the other end being open, as when it was excited like a flute or flageolet, at one end, the other end being shut. In proof of this, he introduced the cremona pipe of the organ, which is a cylindrical tube, one-half the length of the open diapason pipe, which gives the same note; and the clarinet, which is also a cylindrical tube, (the conical bell which terminates it, being merely an useless appendage,) giving a fundamental sound, and an octave below that of a flute of equal length, and the series of harmonics of a tube closed at one end. He then adverted to the circumstance, that, in all cases of the production of sound at the closed end of the tube, the tone is invariably more powerful, than when the sound is produced at the open end of the same tube; and explained, that in the one case, the impulses are made at that part of the air where the condensations and dilations are greatest, and in the other case, where these variations of density are least. This point was illustrated by some experiments with the flame of hydrogen gas, by which means a column of air can be excited into vibration at any point, between the open end and the node, with a corresponding alteration of intensity. At the orifice of the tube, the smallest possible flame is sufficient to excite the sound, which, however, ceases, if the flame be made to move towards the node (i. e. the centre of a tube open at both ends, or the closed end of a tube stopped at one end); but if, at the same time that the flame is advanced in the tube, it be also enlarged in volume, the sound continues, and with increased intensity; by continuing to move the flame towards the node, and at the same time, to proportionally enlarge the volume, the sound progressively increases in loudness, until it attains its maximum at the node.

By analogous experiments on the sounds produced by the flame of hydrogen gas, in tubes of different diameters, Mr. W. showed, that the loudest tone is produced in tubes of the smallest diameter, (when a certain limit is not exceeded), which is exactly the reverse of the generally-adopted opinion; and he stated the following, to be the general results of numerous experiments: that the flame is required to be larger, as the length of the tube is greater, as its diameter is less, and as the point of excitation is nearer the node.

The lecturer went on to give an exposition of the laws of the vibrations of the air, in conical tubes, and explained, that the air in a tube of this form, excited into vibration, at its closed end, or the summit of the cone, gave the same fundamental sound, and the same series of harmonics, as a cylindrical tube open at both ends. To this similarity of effect, he ascribed the general error, of considering all wind instruments as tubes open at both ends. To illustrate this subject, he showed that the trumpet, French-horn, and hautbois pipes of the organ, all being conical tubes, gave the same sound as the cremona pipe (a cylindrical tube, excited precisely in the same way), which is only one-half their length. He compared, also, the hautbois, which is a conical tube, with

a clarionet, which is a cylindrical tube of the same length, and proved that, in the former, the fundamental sounds were the same, absolutely and relatively, as in the flute (a tube open at both ends, of the same length); and that, in the latter, they were the same with those of a stopped pipe of the same length.

The lecture concluded with a variety of experiments on the sounds of isolated portions of conical tubes, the situations of their nodes, &c., with reference to their practical applications; which we cannot spare space to detail.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

March 20.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair.—William Bentley, John Downes, T. E. Smith, Esqs., and Lieut.-Col. Sykes, were elected Fellows of the Society.—A paper by Mr. William Yarrell, 'On the Organ of Voice in a new species of wild swan, the *Cygnus Buccinator* of Dr. Richardson's *Fauna Boreali-Americana*,' was read by the Secretary. A new species of Parakeet, from New Holland, was also exhibited and described; and Mr. D. Don's paper, descriptive of several new species of compositae, was concluded. A small species of reptile from South America, was exhibited, in its form supplying a link between Lizards and Snakes; and the owner very handsomely offered the use of this interesting specimen to Mr. Thomas Bell, by whom it will be described and figured. A collection of dried plants presented by the Hon. East India Company, and various other donations, were on the table.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

March 20th.—A paper, by the Rev. I. Vernon Harcourt, was read, entitled, "Considerations upon some of the more important vital functions of Plants." It appears that the view the author has taken of these matters "leads him to dissent in some measure from the opinions expressed by Mr. Lindley," in his "account of a remarkable instance of anomalous structure, in the trunk of an exogenous tree," which article appeared some time last year, in the *Journal of the Royal Institution*; amongst other positions, to which Mr. Harcourt cannot reconcile his mind, is that which attempts to establish the fact, that the numerous systems of vegetation, of which every plant consists, are absolutely independent of the plant itself.

It was announced from the chair, that medals would be bestowed, on the 3rd of April next, for the best collections of Camellias, which might be exhibited at the meeting on that day.

Joshua Stanger, Esq., J. W. Sutherland, Esq., and Joseph Dobinson, Esq., were elected Fellows of the Society.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY,	Royal College of Physicians.....	Nine, P.M.
	Royal Geographical Society.....	Nine, P.M.
	Medical Society.....	Eight, P.M.
TUESDAY,	Medico-Botanical Society.....	Eight, P.M.
	Medico-Chirurgical Society.....	p. 8, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers.....	Eight, P.M.
WEDNES.	Society of Arts, (Evening II.).....	Eight, P.M.
	Geological Society.....	p. 8, P.M.
	Society of Arts.....	p. 7, P.M.
THURSD.	Royal Society.....	p. 8, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries.....	Eight, P.M.
FRIDAY,	Royal Institution.....	p. 8, P.M.
SATURD.	Westminster Medical Society.....	Eight, P.M.

FINE ARTS

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

YESTERDAY the Society of British Artists opened their fine galleries in Suffolk Street to the friends and patrons of art; it was what is called the private view; and the pleasure received could not be little, for near one thousand works, many of them of high merit, were exhibited. This is perhaps one of the best exhibitions of the

Society; and the interest of the scene is not a little heightened by the absence of all works of overwhelming dimensions, and by an agreeable intermixture of portrait and landscape—scenes from fancy and from nature. There is, indeed, an uncommon variety of subjects; there is little of what is commonly called the historical, and, what we wondered at, less portraiture than usual; fewer windmills after life, or cow-houses after nature—an abatement in the amount of stall-fed oxen, and a falling off in the staple commodity of three-acre parks, painted and framed, and called landscapes. But there is an increase in works of fancy and feeling; domestic history and social songs furnish more topics than usual for the pencil; poetic landscape has risen two or three degrees in the scale of excellence—studies from nature, of the heads of children, and groups of rustics abound, while over some of our baronial or ecclesiastical ruins the charm of colour and exquisite drawing is thrown:—on the whole, in purity of conception, and elegance of handling, we think the Society is gradually rising. It would be doing great injustice if we imputed this ascent entirely to the male members of the Society; no one can look along the walls of the galleries without perceiving that to female hands they owe much that is natural in colour, and beautiful in conception—nor do we think that we go too far when we say that some of the fairest works in the exhibition are from the easels of ladies. We shall now proceed, and point out a few of those which we have marked for approbation: and we shall name them according to their numbers, reserving for next week such as we cannot now make room for.

8. '*A Cameronian Sunday Evening*;' CHARLES LEES.—This is a natural scene—an old grey-headed man is reading his Bible in the open air, his wife is listening demurely to the word, and his daughter's eyes are turned aside, perhaps to watch the coming of a lover, or from the vagrant inattention of the young to matters of such gravity.

13. '*Ruins, a composition*;' ROBERTS.—This artist having excelled all his brethren in the art of exhibiting, in picturesque elegance and truth, the ruins of our Gothic churches and cathedrals, has, in this composition, employed the Roman architecture, and we cannot say with less success. He has endeavoured to embody these lines by Mrs. Hemans—

There have been bright and glorious pageants here,
Where now grey stones and moss-grown columns lie;
There have been words which earth grew pale to hear,
Breathed from the cavern's misty chambers high;
There have been voices through the sunny sky,
And the pine woods their choral hymn-notes sending,
And reeds and lutes their Dorian melody
With incense clouds around the temple blending,
And throngs with laurel-boughs before the altar bending.

The work of the painter more than embodies these fine lines; he has perhaps filled his scene too full of the golden temples and theatres of antiquity—but this will rather be said than felt.

32. '*Windsor*;' CHILD.—The artist has taken his view of Windsor Castle from the Thames bank; time, an autumnal evening. It is not an easy task to paint up to human recollection, any more than it is to equal expectation: we imagine that the castle on Windsor hill stands nearer the sky than it has been the pleasure of the artist to represent it on canvas; this has little, however, to do with the merits of the work, which are very great—the whole is airy and beautiful, and worthy of being the dwelling of a king.

36. '*Poacher's Confederate*;' HANCOCK.—The poacher's confederate is a quick-footed sagacious dog, which, in this little clever picture, has run down a hare, and stands, with its prey held gently in its mouth, waiting the coming of its master.

39. '*Mountain Pass near Sorrento*;' WATE.—

A very pretty picture of a scene which dwells on the memory of every visitor. It is seldom that a true copy of a landscape makes a graceful composition.

52. '*The Town of Menagio, on the Lake of Como*;' HOLLAND.—In this picture the sky is serene, the air soft and balmy, the verdure tender and naturally green, and the lake itself lies unruffled as a mirror, showing the hills and sky: like many of the scenes from those sunny climes, it is more soft than we could wish—we like the grand and the severe.

61. '*View on the Serchio, near the Baths of Lucca*;' P. NASMYTH.—This Italian scene seems to have borrowed something of sterile grandeur from the native mountains of Peter Nasmyth, who painted it; it is coarse and vigorous, and perhaps not less Italian because it wears a rougher exterior than what we are accustomed to see in the landscapes of that country.

66. '*Study from Nature*;' INSKIP.—All the works of this artist are distinguished by an air of originality, both in conception and colour. He deals, too, with the most simple subjects, rarely giving us more than one small figure at a time, and never laying the burthen upon them of labours difficult to perform, or of sentiments too complicated to express. He seems also to have dipped his brush in the self-same colour with which nature has belpainted her eastern brood, called gipsies; and, moreover, he is far from fastidious in the matter of elegant outline, or the grace of just proportion. The vigorous—the wild originality of the man, is a threefold recompense for all this, and, were we called upon to name the artist most to our liking, in his line, we would name Inskip.

75. '*The Lady Chapel, Church of St. Pierre, at Caen*;' ROBERTS.—This is another of those picturesque things which show how strong the artist is in all that belongs to architecture.

80. '*Portraits of Lord Trentham and Lady Caroline Gower, Children of the Earl and Countess Gower*;' HURLESTONE.—This is a charming group, easy and natural, with no put-on looks nor assumed graces: we should have liked it the better had the sashes been more delicately blue, and the dresses less snowy.—130. '*Sons of B. Goad*;' is by the same hand, and every way equal in beauty and simplicity: the colouring is more subdued. The only rival of Hurlestone, in expressing the sweetness of youth, is Mrs. Carpenter, of whom we shall speak presently.

115. '*Baptism in the Days of the Persecution*;' G. HARVEY.—There is more variety of character in this picture than in any other work in these galleries. The subject was supplied by Professor Wilson's '*Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*—a work abounding in fine pictures. The Covenanters have sought refuge in one of their wild glens, down which a stream is running: sentinels stand armed at the passes, and enclosing the pastor and his people; while young women in white present infants to be baptized. Old men and matrons gaze in silence and without fear; and the minister, taking water from the brook in his hands, calls on his people to witness the admission of a new member to God's people. The artist has acquitted himself with no little skill in this important task: there is, it is true, something like a monotony of character among the heads; yet, on the whole, the scene is impressive, and continues present to the fancy, in spite of all the glowing cheeks and splendid dresses of more showy, but less substantial works, of which there are not a few around.

121. '*Study from Nature*;' MRS. HAKKILL.—This study from nature is the head of an acquaintance, raised some twenty degrees in the glass of elegance and beauty, by the poetic mind of the fair artist. It is one of the loveliest faces in the room: the hand which performed this

little miracle endeavoured to do the same for a male head, which, if we remember right, she calls the Portrait of a Gentleman; but a long nose, and a face moderate in its meaning, seem to have been too much for her, skilful as she is.

151. 'Caution;' INSKIPP.—This represents a girl, bare legged and bare footed, gliding timidly onward to a foaming brooklet, over which her way lies. Little caution seems necessary, for feet so nimble as hers might skip across the stream at once; and we are quite sure that no country-bred girl, such as the artist imagined when he painted this, would hesitate a moment, but bound over it like a roe. The picture, in all other respects, is a fine one.

156. 'The Grecian Choirs at the Temple of Apollo;' LINTON.—This splendid scene was suggested by a passage in Plutarch. "Nicias caused a bridge to be constructed at Athens, before his departure for Delos, magnificently decorated with gold and garlands, rich stuffs and tapestry; and on his arrival there, during the night previous to the ceremony, threw it across the narrow strait, between that island and Rhenea, at which latter place they landed. Early in the morning the procession marched over the bridge, and up to the temple, singing hymns to the deity." On each side of the strait the hills are crowned with temples; and on the bosom of the water the Greek ships are seen moving on to the sound of music: the scene is light and elegant, and the picture cannot fail to find many admirers.

162. 'In Peace Love tunes the Shepherd's Reed;' MRS. HAKEWILL.—A pretty pastoral scene, such as poets dream, rather than such as nature presents. The Ettrick Shepherd piping on the Braes of Yarrow, would make a characteristic Corydon, true to the verses of Scott, and in better keeping with old Scotland than this, which is rather too Arcadian.

171. 'The Tomb of Hermione;' MADDOX.—There is some good colouring here, and nature such as any one may praise.

185. 'Portrait of a Lady;' DAVIS.—There are not many very good portraits in these galleries: those which represent gentlemen are the worst: we can praise this likeness in the spirit of meekness and moderation; there is good colouring and character in it.

194. 'Mrs. Selwyn and Child;' MRS. CARPENTER.—A mother and child, and a very lovely pair: this is the finest picture of the kind in the place; and did we not dislike comparing one artist with another, we would say it is worthy of Lawrence. The maternal loveliness of the one, and the reposing beauty of the other, are such as few pencils of these days can rival. The colouring, too, is natural and becoming.

195. 'Edinburgh Castle, from the Grass-Market;' ROBERTS.—The castle-crowned crag, with the wide grass-market at its base, is faithfully delineated: we wish Roberts, when he visits the gude town again, would go into the Lawn-market some clear moonlight evening, and look along one of those narrow openings called Closets, which lead towards the Firth of Forth. There he will see dyers' poles, with all their many-coloured streamers flying—women in matches looking out of windows seven and eight stories up in the air—he will get a cut out of the New Town—the Firth, with its ships passing and repassing—a slip of the shore of Fife, and a broad strip out of the sky, with the moon, it may be, and a star or two by her side. Let him paint this, and he will soon find a customer—the picture would be beautiful.

207. 'Landscape;' SIMS.—This picture seems to grow the more beautiful the longer we look at it. There is a rude hut filled with gypsies, and asses, relieved from their panniers, grazing at hand; while for miles beyond them we can see into a country, rich neither in corn nor poultry, or such things as those vagrants love

to pitch their tents near. We wonder, therefore, what they are doing there; but we do not admire the skill of the artist the less, that, out of an unpromising subject, has evoked such a picture.

208. 'The Ettrick Shepherd in his Forest Plaid;' GORDON.—This is, no doubt, a good resemblance of our inspired friend of Ettrick: the expression is, however, a shade too severe; and it would have been better had some sunshine found its way to his brow. We hear he has been cut as large as life, and at full-length, in stone, by Greenshields,—a work which the poet, it is said, calls a capital performance: the authority may be strong in matters of verse—we doubt its accuracy in matters of art.

213. 'Group of Children;' MRS. CARPENTER.—This lady deserves all the praise here, which we bestowed upon her picture of 'Mrs. Selwyn and Child,' with the addition, that in these innocence and beauty are in action. Graceful playfulness and arch simplicity unite here with fine natural colouring.

224. The first picture of a series to represent the 'Procession to the Abbey at the Coronation of William the Fourth; containing Portraits of distinguished persons who attended on that occasion.' Painted for His Majesty: DAVIS. We need only say of a performance executed to royal commands, that it seems, as far so it goes, to accomplish the King's and the artist's wishes. Patronage, they tell us, is a fine thing, and yet Mr. Davis would protest, we have no doubt, against our criticising this picture as a work of art.

238 and 262. 'Autumn,' and the 'Coming Shower,' are both by INSKIPP, and exhibit the same original qualities which we noticed in his other works: there are two others, 443 and 461, by the same artist, which he calls 'Studies from Nature,' which surpass for truth and force all that surround them. They haunted us round the room, and, though now far removed from them, we see them as we write.

244. 'The noble Polish Girl;' MISS A. BEAUMONT.—This little picture has some agreeable light and shade, and is not deficient in character.

246. 'Wayside Cross;' VICKERS.—There is considerable poetic feeling in this and other productions by the same artist; he has also a good sense of harmony in colouring, and meddles but with subjects which belong to history or imagination. 'The Crucifixion,' and 'Rowena's Bower,' are both performances of a poetic order; were the painter to make the atmosphere of his pictures a little clearer, he would extend the number of his admirers.

273. 'Portrait of John Taylor,' by LONSDALE, is, perhaps, the best male portrait in the exhibition; there is a small-size picture of Lord Brougham and Vaux, by the same hand, which is also good, though less to our liking.

352. 'The Courier; or, Fate of the Battle;' KIDD.—This is a little picture, full of indescribable drollery. It is a capital burlesque on the practice of the Fancy, of despatching pigeons to distant parts with the name of the victor in the pugilistic ring. A battle has been fought between two rustics; victory has just been declared, and the dove despatched with the glad tidings, is no other than an ass adorned with ribbons, and mounted by two boys, who are urging on the reluctant messenger, with all the speed that stupidity and stubbornness will permit, to diffuse the intelligence through the neighbouring villages. One of the riders is a little chimney-sweeper: he is holding on by his comrade's waist, and nothing is white about him, save the whites of his eyes and his teeth.

We must have done for this week. There is little that we have not seen before in the Sculpture Gallery; and the engravings are chiefly old acquaintances. There are some very pretty works

in the Water-Colour Gallery;—ladies in all the glow of youth and beauty; old abbeys, with all the reverence about them which the sight of beauty in ruins excites; and flowers which rival nature in all save in fragrance.

MUSIC

KING'S THEATRE.

'Pietro l'Eremita,' and 'Elisa e Claudio,' have been repeated, in consequence of the illness of Mad. Baptiste, for whom 'La Vestale' has been some time in rehearsal. This evening the lady is positively to appear, and Mad. Meric is to take the "Veil."

'Olivo e Pasquale,' a comic opera, by Donizetti, will shortly be produced.—Signor Winter is about to leave for the continent: and then Curioni must, we suppose, be "tenore primo."

THIRD ANTIEN CONCERT.

Director, the Earl of Derby.

WE are happy to find that the bad taste of the Archbishop of York, in excluding glees, is not contagious. Glees are a species of classical composition, peculiarly national, which we are loth to part with, in these times of musical common-place. Croft's anthem, 'This is the day,' was preceded by an extemporaneous performance on the organ, by Mr. Knyvett, in which was displayed much taste, and a complete mastery of musical science. 'Hide me from day's garish eye,' was sung by Miss Stephens with great purity and simplicity. Mrs. Bishop, in an Aria of Cimarosa's, was more fortunate in her intonation than usual—her style and pronunciation in Italian singing are irreproachable. Haydn's Sinfonia, No. 5, in c minor, was the only novelty in the programme.

SOCIETA ARMONICA.

THE second concert given by this Society was well attended, and the instrumental performances were creditable—although the duet so generally applauded on the Harp and Piano by Messrs. Forbes and Chatterton, was introduced with rather too much ceremony; and the band, composed partly of amateurs, wanted something of power and precision. The duet 'Io di tutto,' sung by Mad. de Meric and De Begnis, was deservedly encored.

THEATRICALS

DRURY LANE.

WHEN things are at the worst, it is said that they must mend;—we hope so, for then we may safely congratulate the management of this theatre on their production of Tuesday last, called 'Der Alchymist.' In one night it has established a claim, which nothing can shake, to be considered the silliest, the worst, and the dullest opera of the day. We have called it an opera, because the bills have; but hodge-podge would have been a better term. It is a rule with us, not to mention the names of authors, where their productions are unsuccessful; but the following little statement, which will be found to be pretty near the truth, will sufficiently make out our case of hodge-podge. It is a drama in three acts, written by two Englishmen, partly founded on a novel by one American, with music selected by a third Englishman, from six operas by one German. To complete the confusion, the scene is laid in Spain, and the title given to the piece is 'Der Alchymist,' which we take to be German to anything but the matter. The outline of the plot is this:—*Felix de Vasquez*, the Alchymist, (Mr. E. Seguin,) is in search of the philosopher's stone; he has a daughter, *Inez*, (Miss Pearson,) who is beloved by *Don Alonzo*, the student of Salamanca, (Mr. Wood); *Don Ramiro*, a very naughty Spanish nobleman, (Mr. H. Phillips,) is also in love with *Inez*, which is

not only objected to by *Inez* herself, but by *Sybella*, a Morisco girl, (Mrs. Wood,) who has been, and still is, living with him—evidently more as mistress than servant. *Don Ramiro* resolves to go all lengths to gratify his passion, and *Sybella*, ditto, to thwart him. Accordingly, whenever and wherever *Inez* is in danger from any one of the numerous snares laid for her by *Ramiro* and his agents, *Sybella* (being invested with supernatural powers for that purpose,) is at hand to warn and save her. Towards the close of the third act, *The Alchymist*, having been denounced by *Don Ramiro* to the Inquisition as guilty of sorcery, is about to play the principal part in an *auto da fé*, when *Don Alonzo* arrives just in time with a pardon—fights with and slays *Don Ramiro*, and *Sybella*, after going mad, and singing a medley, expires upon the body of her hated-while-living, but beloved-to-excess—now-dead *Don*. We are quite willing to subscribe to the high praise accorded by Professors to the music of *Spohr*; but we have before said, and are now more than ever convinced, that no opera of his, as a whole, will ever be popular on our stage. Portions here and there may take, and now and then a whole song may have air and melody enough about it to become a favourite,—but there it will end. Mr. Bishop must have felt this difficulty, or why did he ransack six operas to collect materials for one? The same feeling ought to have taught him beforehand, that with all his ransacking, his exertions would go for nothing. We would venture any reasonable wager, that the call-boy of the theatre, if asked at rehearsal which of the pieces of music would be encored by the audience at night, would at once have named Mr. H. Phillips's romance—the only one which was. Why then was experience, like Mr. Bishop's, of less use than the call-boy's would have been? Mr. Bishop is a composer of pure taste, deep science, and great genius—he is still in the prime of life—and if he unfortunately lacks either ambition or industry, to do that honour to himself and his country, which he possesses all else to enable him to do, let him give over the degrading occupation of selecting, patching, and dovetailing other people's works, and go to sleep quietly upon a bed, which he has earned, even now, laurels of his own to make. With all due allowance for the difficulties of writing words to suit the long rambling scenes and concerted pieces contained in these heavy German operas, we must in justice accord the palm of imbecility to those contained in the book before us. Such persons as may be desirous of speculating in bad English, will find in it an eligible investment for ten-pence. There is no pleasure in thus finding fault with everything, and those who think there is, are grievously mistaken—but duty must be done, and if we are to speak the truth, we have little else to do with anything in this opera. The scenery was mostly indifferent, and the working of it bungling in the extreme. At one time, we had a half scene of rocks and mountains come creeping up through the stage, and which, slow as it was, was yet too soon for its appointment with the other half, which ultimately descended from the clouds to meet it. Perhaps, however, the greatest curiosity of the evening, was a scene called 'The Vision.' *The Alchymist*, confined in the dungeons of the Inquisition, stretches himself on his pallet, sleeps, and dreams. The back of the prison opens, and discovers his study decorated as we have beheld it in a previous scene, which scene, for reasons best known to the authors, is re-enacted by children dressed in imitation of Mr. Seguin and Mrs. Wood. There is no pretence of distance, for Mr. Seguin, where he lies, might almost put his hand into the room allotted to this 'Vision,'—why, therefore, children should have been employed, remains a puzzle. (Mr. Seguin, it should be observed, was badly disguised—he

seemed to think that a white mop head and a pale face constituted an old man)—well—no matter—there is the little old man in his grey coat, cut shorter, and his little mop head and little pale face, and he reads his book, and he gets up and struts about, and then Mrs. Wood's little deputy rises as the principal had done before through a nondescript sort of chest or coal-box—and Mrs. Wood sings behind the scenes or under the stage for her, and the little old boy is melodramatic, and kneels and prays to the little young girl, and the audience laugh, and the scene closes, and the whole affair reaches the height or rather depth of absurdity. A part intended to be comic, but which had a different effect upon the audience, was given to Mr. Harley. He is a hypochondriac, and fancies himself at one moment a tea-pot—at another, a gilet-pie—at another, a sugar-loaf. The only good laugh he got was from a little remark evidently his own—Mrs. Jones has occasion to tell him that what he says "is all nonsense"—upon which he good-naturedly said, "That's what I say—I say it's all nonsense too." The house were so pleased with this sally, that we verily believe their personal feelings towards the man saved the piece from the condemnation which his part was fast bringing on it. Mr. Seguin did not get on quite so well as we have before seen him—both his singing and acting had too much of the Royal Academy about it. Mr. H. Phillips did his best, but his opportunities were few and middling. He sang a very charming and simple romance, beginning "Oh come with me, my dearest," with great taste, and was unanimously encored. Mr. Templeton improves. Mr. Wood was over-weighted. He seems to be carefully excluded from the style of music which suits him best, and in which he used to be a great favourite. Miss Pearson sang her music, perhaps, a shade better than usual; but she seemed to feel that she had more to act than she could get through, and every now and then positively looked aghast at her part. One only subject for unmixed praise presents itself, in noticing this ill-concocted and badly-produced jumble, and we proceed to a notice of that with heart and soul. We have kept it to the last, as a child keeps the tart which has custard on its top. We will venture to affirm, that the annals of the English Stage do not furnish another instance of such splendid singing and such admirable acting combined, as were exhibited by Mrs. Wood on this occasion. She is known and admitted to be the best singer of the present day—we suspect we might add, of any day—and she was at her best, both as to voice and exertion, on Tuesday last. In addition to this, we have no hesitation in saying, that her acting was so excellent that it would of itself have made the fame of a new performer. There were calls in the part for the expression of a variety of passions, and every call was answered in a way little short of perfection. The opera cannot last, and, for Mrs. Wood's sake, we regret it.

MISCELLANEA

Mr. Bone's Pictures.—We have just received a catalogue of the collection of pictures and engravings of this artist, which are announced for sale, on Tuesday next, at his late residence in Berners Street. Among the pictures, are some of the works of Rubens, Tintoretto, Rembrandt, N. Poussin, and others of the most celebrated ancient masters—but the splendid collection of enamels will not be sold.

Chiariini.—This celebrated Hebraist, who was professor of divinity, the oriental languages, and Hebrew antiquities, at the University of Warsaw, died in that capital, on the 28th of last month.

Mons. Jay has been elected a Member of the Academy, in the place of the late Abbé de Montesquieu: so lively was the competition that

it was not until the eighth ballot that he united a sufficient number of votes to secure his success. —Messrs. Salvandy, Thiers, Dupin and Tissot, were his competitors.

Fioravanti's opera of 'Comingio romito,' was last week brought out at the Italian Theatre, in Paris, where the admirable acting and singing of the artists, whom it is the good fortune of the manager of that theatre to retain, gave it a success which the music alone would not have entitled it to. The French are enthusiastic in their admiration of Lablache; in this new opera, he performs the part of a gay Colonel, who has found his way into a convent of Trappistes, whose doctrine, discipline, and diet, he finds particularly offensive to his own epicurean principles and practice. The scene of the piece lies wholly in the monastery, and some of the situations, although highly relishing to the Parisian taste, are not exactly such as the Duchess of Angoulême would sanction, or Mr. Perceval approve.

Mlle. Tagliani.—We regret to learn that this lady is dangerously ill, from a severe accident; while in the act of flying as a sylph at a considerable height, she fell to the stage—surgical assistance was promptly had, and she was twice bled, but remains in a dangerous state.

Cleopatra's Needle.—Advices from Luxor, in Upper Egypt, mention, that one of the celebrated obelisks, better known by the name of "Cleopatra's Needles," which has been presented by Mehemet Ali to the French King, has, in spite of all the difficulties attendant upon the removal, been conveyed without receiving any injury on board of the ship Luxor, which was fitted up for the express purpose of receiving this fine relic. The vessel will descend the Nile in July next, and is expected to reach France in the course of the month of August.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Mr. William Ward is engraving, in his best mezzo-tinto style, a Portrait of the late John Jackson, Esq., R.A. from a picture painted by himself in the collection of the Right Hon. Lord Dover.

Mr. T. K. Hervey and Mr. Barnett are about to publish, in conjunction, a musical volume, entitled, 'Dreams of a Persian Maiden.'

Forthcoming.—Wylde's new School Atlas of Modern Geography, small 4to, is nearly ready.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to W. Barnes—I. R. P.—I. A.—W.—N. O. P.—Our Islington correspondent is too political.—O. P. M. Left as directed.

A Subscriber's request shall be attended to, should the verses of 'Nemo' deserve no better fate.

A letter is left for T. W.

We should be glad to know how to address a letter to our correspondent at Rochford.

Goldsmith's letter, published last week, was, it appears, heretofore printed. We purchased the copy as of "an unedited letter," and are willing to believe that the party selling it was ignorant of the fact.

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